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Harvest.

The crimson moon uprising from the sea,
With large delight foretells the harvest near
Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody,
To greet the soft appearance of her sphere!

And like a page, enamored of her train,
The star of evening glimmers in the west;
Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain,
That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest!

Our fields are full of the time-ripened grain,
Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell;
Her golden splendor glimmers on the main,
And vales and mountains her bright glory tell.

Then sing, ye shepherds! for the time is come
When we must bring the enriched harvest home.

Petition to Time.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife and children three;
One is lost—an angel fled
To the azure overhead!

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

—*Barry Cornwall.*

The Silent Woman.

A LOVE STORY FROM THE JAPANESE.

Oshikoji Nobutaro was a young noble who found himself quite disillusioned, so that the gayeties of society, the variety of travel nor the achievement of literary distinction were pleasing to him, and he retired, a prey to unutterable weariness, to the ancestral abode on the beautiful shores of Lake Biwa, hoping to find at least tranquility.

In the time of the second gathering of the tea, the mildest and fairest of the year, when the trees begin to fill with little nests, and when all nature trembles and blushes with conscious warmth Iriye Ichigoro ordered a couple of *norimono*, and started off to Biwa to take counsel with his exiled friend. He found Nobutaro in the fields at the base of Hi Yei Zan, practicing the enlivening pursuit of hawking. The greetings of the young men were polite and decorous, and their conversation, which turned upon various subjects, was at once exhilarating and instructive.

Toward the close Iriye introduced the topic which most closely interested him.

"Nobutaro, there is a maiden"—said he.

"Alas, there are so many," said Nobutaro.

"If my amiable and well-conducted friend would restrain for a moment his noble impetuosity, his servant would endeavor to make himself more plainly understood."

"Pardon me, Ichigoro, I will listen with the respect which is due your excellent character."

"There is a maiden, Nobutaro, whose indescribable charms have for many weeks afforded the youth of Kioto the most pleasing sensations. Her father is known to us all as eminent for riches and refinement, and is, in truth, a member of the exalted house of Sanjo. As for the girl, who has but recently emerged from the rigid privacies of girlhood, and been revealed to the eyes of a few whose rank may claim so rare a privilege, the incapable words of Iriye Ichigoro can convey only faint and inadequate ideas respecting her. Her form is like the waving willow leaf, and her face as full of beauty as the moon, of which she is the younger sister. Her eyes are like the brightest stars of winter, and her feet, which have never been spoken of without emotion, are said to be wholly incompetent to the support of her delicate frame."

"And what of her tongue?" asked Nobutaro.

"Most accomplished, Nobutaro," answered Iriye, in some irritation, "you talk like a person of vulgar birth and no education whatever. Her conversation is regulated by a wise discretion, and modesty conceives every word that is issued from her exquisite lips."

"Ah!" sighed Nobutaro, "if I could hear of a beautiful woman who is not possessed with the *one* of speech."

"Nobutaro, my first and only brother!" exclaimed Iriye, "will you take one of my *norimono*, and, after a journey which we will all pray may be disturbed by no unhappy misadventure, gaze upon this fair and dazzling damsel, and consider her for yourself?"

"No, Ichigoro," said Nobutaro, "that is entirely out of the question."

But the truth was, Nobutaro had already found that his self-imposed exile was not wholly a relief to him. Total feminine abstinence had operated somewhat to the increase rather than to the diminution of his weariness. At least, in Kioto, he could exploit his grievance. He keenly felt this, although his pride would not suffer him to acknowledge it. And now Ichigoro was very pressing, and it became Nobutaro in due time to gradually dispose of his scruples, and, by slow degrees, to yield.

When Nobutaro first encountered the maiden, Tama-ko, of whom his friend had told him, his breast did certainly quiver with a new and strange sensation, and his self-confidence, which, until that moment, had never known a variation from its firmness, experienced an unexpected shock. Her loveliness, he was compelled to admit, was not to be disputed. The flash of her dark eyes kindled inextinguishable flames. The smile of her ripe and deftly-gilded lips was brighter than the glimmer of sunbeams. Her whole countenance was elegantly pale and full of sweetness. Her hair, falling in black waves about her face, added grace and symmetry to the movements of her head. Her dress was embroidered with marvelous accuracy, and revealed as she moved twin feet of proportions too minute to be distinctly measurable.

Iriye saw with friendly satisfaction that Nobutaro was for a moment moved. And the distinguished people of Kioto, not a few of whom were present on the occasion, carefully watched the coming together of the manliest of the manly and the fairest of the fair. Nobutaro approached Tama-ko, his hands folded upon his breast and his body reverently inclined. She knelt awaiting him, her eyes cast in humility downward, and a timid flash of expectation illumining her brow.

"Health is with the daughter of the stars," said Nobutaro.

"Thanks to your accommodating wishes," said Tama-ko.

"Your air announces your goodness," said Nobutaro.

"Ah, sir," it is you alone who can judge," said Tama-ko.

"Virtue and a contented mind are painted upon your face," said Nobutaro.

"My acknowledgements should be everlasting," said Tama-ko.

"It is a fine evening," said Nobutaro.

"It is a most fortunate and successful evening, since the noble gentleman honors it with his approval," said Tama-ko.

"It is impossible to be sufficiently respectful to you," said Nobutaro.

"How shall I dare to persuade myself of what you say?" said Tama-ko.

"Well, well," said Nobutaro, making a grave obeisance and withdrawing, "I have not treated you with sufficient distinction."

Tama-ko, less ridgidly cynical than Nobutaro, did not conceal from herself the joy which this interview afforded her. All that she had heard of the agreeable Nobutaro was abundantly verified. And she discovered, too, graces and attractions of which she had not been warned. "But alas," she said to herself, "he loves not women, and each day strives more and more to harden his heart against our inferior and unprofitable sex."

Nobutaro feared to admit the suspicion that his fancy had been touched. He resisted with much coldness the imputation of Iriye Ichigoro.

"Ah, Nobutaro," said that good-natured friend, "the refreshing Tama-ko has inspired you once more."

"Acute Iriye, this time you are wrong. If, now, she had the gift of silence with her other visible advantages, there would be something to talk about."

"Noble cousin," answered Iriye, "you are always sensible and well-informed, but this time you are also very absurd. Her language is the language of purity and evident propriety."

"I do not like the language of the woman at all," said Nobutaro. "Better a speechless daughter of the yeta than the fairest and richest of the loose-tongued kuge."

"Estimable Nobutaro, you have too much ginger in your temper."

"Very well, Iriye, only I shall see the beautiful but talkative Tama-ko no more."

"Oh, Nobutaro!"

"Precisely, my Ichigoro. As she dazzles the eye, so might she confuse the understanding. In time she might destroy my principles and compel me to endure the female tongue. No, Ichigoro, my resolution is not to be unfixed. Remember that a restless tongue is one of the five causes allowed by the philosophers for divorce."

When Tama-ko heard this, as she very speedily did, a gloom came like a vail of chirimen over her face, and she expressed a tear, as round and as pure as the most priceless of the jewels of which she was the namesake. Then it was observed by her family that she sank into revery, out of which she emerged an hour later, smiling and contented.

Two days after, the court circles of Kioto were convulsed with the intelligence of a sorrowful calamity. The beautiful Tama-ko, during a visit of duty to the temple of Kiomidzu, had thoughtlessly ventured too near the edge of its perilously exposed platform and had fallen, not, fortunately, from the extremest height, but from an elevation sufficient to injure her in a general way, but principally in the region of the head. For two entire days her condition was deemed dangerous, according to report, but then her well-organized constitution triumphed, and she began to recover. One startling misfortune, however, clung to her. She had lost the power of speech forever.

When Oshikoji Nobutaro heard this, he was agitated with mingled sadness and delight. He could not overcome his gratification on finding that no impediment need now oppose the progress of his affections; and yet the conviction of his supreme selfishness was at times too bitter for him. But one thing, at least, was clear. It would no longer be possible for him to forego the presence of the beautiful Tama-ko.

So, as soon as the circumstances of her recovery would permit, he sought an interview, and communed with her. The language of her eyes told him all that he most wished to know, and he was thoroughly happy in her oral incompetency. Tama-ko was happy too. For many weeks their course of companionship ran swift and smooth, and all Kioto's nobility smiled sympathetic and complacent. By day they were never parted, and each night tender chants, expressive of hopeful passion, sustained by the throbbing koto, resounded in the dell which lay contignous to Sanjo no Nishi's garden; that lovely dell which in all ages has been the moonlit resort of artist and poet; where the river rustles in harmony with happy thoughts and the snipe sings soft encouragement to youthful hearts.

NOBUTARO'S SERENADE.

There is a maiden.
There is a little maiden whom I love,
Her name it is easy to utter;
The night winds are always breathing it in my ear.

Something has been telling it to me all the night.
But who shall convey the extent of her beauties,
Or give photos of her mind?
To others she is frigid.
But to me she is as the moonbeam, radiant and warm.

She is exempt from the ordinary weaknesses of women.
Her piety is the theme of admiration among all classes.
Her virtues are so lofty that they reach the stars.
She reads all the sacred books and knows them by heart.
With strong moral principles she immingles a cheerful spirit.
And her rich black hair is involved in nuctuous gum.

Numbers of costly ornaments shine in her hair;
They shine like clusters of stars relieved by a jet-black sky.
Soft silken scarfs encircle her throat;
Oh! variable soft silken scarfs.
A radiant satin obi, of princely dimensions and incalculable price enfolds her waist!

Oh! enviable satin obi of princely dimensions and incalculable price.
Her countenance needs not the additional glow of paint;
And her neck scorns the inferior luster of powder.
Her form is enveloped in many colored marvels of millinery;
And her petticoat is embroidered with a hundred butterflies fluttering among flowers.
Her feet are atoms of celestial origin,
And her kodahsi is the pink cloud which protects them.

To many her heart is hard and cold;
To them it is very beautiful porcelain.
To me it is soft and warm;
To me it is fresh-cut velvet.
Her lips are sealed, and words proceed not therefrom,
But in their place comes sighs of aromatic fragrance.
Her family are conspicuous for antiquity.
And her father is of the true blood of Fujiwara.

He possesses a great many tiger skins,
All brought from Chosen and very valuable.
Myriads of kobans glitter in the strong chests of his kura.
But for me the greatest treasure—
The treasure beyond all, for me,
Is the little maiden,
The little maiden whom I love.

As the loves of Nobutaro and Tama-ko advanced and prospered, an indescribable tinge of regret came over the young Japanese nobleman. At first, to his surprise, but presently to his consternation, he found himself longing for a word of fondness from his affianced. For a time he repelled his sentiment, as unworthy of his firmness, but it gradually overcame him again and again, until he became a prey to the deepest anguish. He was forced to admit within himself that his ideas on the subject of the female tongue had been too dangerously radical, and that experience had at last taught him the value of a gift he had once considered an excrescence. The eloquence of the eye, he found, the pressure of the hand, the assurance of a caress, were insufficient to complete his comfort. Oh, for a word! he sighed, but signed in vain; and it at last appeared painfully evident that Nobutaro had simply stepped from one unsatisfactory extreme to the other, and that he was now almost as inconsolably miserable as when he had started to adapt himself to the seclusions of the hawking box on the shore of Biwa.

It was natural that Tama-ko should feel a deep concern at the returning unhappiness of her lover. She besought him to explain it, and, indeed, succeeded in drawing from him the reluctant truth. And on learning the real condition of things, she did nothing but smile with great and persistent appearances of delight, which Nobutaro thought the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever happened.

Nevertheless, as Kioto had expected, the announcement of the impending marriage ceremony was not long deferred. And in early autumn it came. Festivities were profuse, and correspondingly brilliant. Everybody palpitated with sympathetic emotion; everybody was irrecoverably lost in admiration at the beauty of the loving pair; everybody mourned the affliction of the bride, who, for her part, seemed never so joyous.

Nobutaro raised the cup with which he was to pledge his fair companion. He spoke a few words indicative of his intentions through life so far as Tama-ko was concerned, and then an amazing incident occurred.

Lifting her beautiful eyes to her lover's face, and opening her beautiful lips, Tama-ko softly murmured:

"This is my dear and only lord, the master of my faith and duty!"

"*Naruhodo!*" cried everybody, Nobutaro included.

The explanation was rapid and complete.

"How could I help it?" said Tama-ko. "What they said was that you scorned me for my tongue. Oh, hateful tongue, to bring me Nobutaro's scorn. I would have forever remained your silent lover, but for your latter words, impelling me to take once more my gift of speech. Does Nobutaro forgive me?"

"*Oya! domo!* sweet Tama," whispered Nobutaro, "I am conquered."

For awhile the entire upper class of Kioto, excepting Iriye Ichigoro, the faithful friend, laughed immoderately. But the lovers cared little for this. Far away from the city's turmoil, once more on the shore of Biwa, they lived only for one another, and there, where nature is ever the most fair, they found unending happiness.

Artemus Ward as a Practical Joker.

Browne and Griswold, "the Fat Contributor," were on newspaper work at the same time in Cleveland, and were very intimate friends. One day there came to the city a dramatic reader, a man of some note, but of a very timid disposition. These two worthies in some manner discovered that he was a person easily to be imposed upon, and shortly after his arrival they paid him a visit. It was an early hour in the morning—long after the man had retired—and they found it difficult to arouse him. They told him they were editors, and wanted to hear him read before writing him up. They invited him to step into a hall adjoining the hotel and give them a specimen of his powers. At first the man refused to go with them, but when they told him sternly that they were editors, and would crush him if he did not comply, he felt compelled to go. Nor would they allow him to put on his clothes, but forced him to go in nightdress to a cold and dreary hall, where they complacently smoked their cigars while they listened to him declaim, with chattering teeth and trembling voice, for several hours. When they finally permitted him to go, they told him, by way of consolation, that they had always thirsted to hear a dramatic reader in night-dress, and that they were very much gratified with his performance.

Browne was a great lover of a practical jokes. One of his maidest pranks was in New York city, in 1863. He had been at some benefit performance with Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour, and at its conclusion he induced these two to join him on a lark. Accordingly, they went to Bryant's property-room, and each donned a complete suit of armor. Then they armed themselves with broadswords, and in the still hours of the night went forth in search of defenseless citizens. Up and down the streets in grim array they marched, and whenever they found a man alone and unarmed, they would make him down on his knees and pray for mercy. Then, after having frightened him almost out of his senses, they would permit him to go on his way. Their fun, however, after a while was brought to an abrupt termination by the police, who marched them off to the Tombs. They entered fictitious names; but the judge next morning recognized the culprits, and discharged them with an admonition. On the same night they visited the house of Tom Jackson, who had just brought to this country the famous Swiss bell-ringers. In response to their violent ringing of the bell, Jackson came to an upper window, and not knowing who his visitors were, asked them in tones of thunder what they wanted.

"We want an engagement," said Browne. "We are the original bell ringers."

Jackson then recognized them, and, appreciating the joke, invited them in.—*Scribner.*

"Chairs to Mend."

The art of doing small things well has a good illustration in the humble chair-mender of the London streets, who is also one of the most interesting of out-door tradesmen.

He carries all his implements and materials with him. A very much worn chair is thrown over one arm as an advertisement of his occupation, and it is needed, for his cry, "Cha-ir-s to men-n, nd," is uttered in a melancholy and indistinct, though penetrating, tone.—Under the other arm he usually has a bundle of cane, split into narrow ribbons. His look is that of forlorn respectability; his hat is greasy, and mapped with so many veins, caused by crushings, that it might have been used as a chair, or, at least, a footstool; around his neck he wears a heavy cloth kerchief, and his long coat of by-gone fashion reaches nearly to the ankles, which are covered by shabby gaiters. He walks along at a very gentle pace, and scans the windows of the houses for some sign that his services are wanted.

Perhaps business is dull; but in the neighborhoods where there are plenty of children he is pretty sure to find some work. Cane-seated chairs are durable, but they will not stand the rough usage of those little boys and girls who treat them as step-ladders and stamp upon them. It often happens that a neat English housemaid appears at the area railings with a chair that has a big, ragged hole in the seat, through which Master Tommy has fallen, with his boots on, in an effort to reach the gooseberry jam on the pantry shelf.

Master Tommy probably looks on while the repairs are being made, and is much interested by the dexterity with which the mender does his work. The old and broken canes are cut away, and the new strips are woven into a firm fabric, with little eight-sided openings left in it. The overlapping ends of the ribbons are trimmed with a sharp knife, and the chair-seat is as good as new.

It seems so easy that Tommy thinks he could have done it himself; but when he experiments with a slip of cane that the mender gives him, he finds that chair-mending is really a trade that must be learned.

Some chair-menders are blind men, and it is still more interesting to watch them at their work. The plaiting of the canes is done as unerringly by their unseeing fingers as by the men who can see, and with wonderful quickness. Occasionally the business is combined with that of basket-making; and should we follow poor old "Chairs-to-mend" home, we might discover his family busy weaving reeds and willowy branches with the same cleverness the father shows in handling the canes.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

Italy and Switzerland to be Connected by a Tunnel under the Alps that will Cost Nearly Sixty Million Dollars.

There are men living to-day in Switzerland and Italy whose life-dream has been a tunnel under the Alps. Many schemes have been investigated, and many schemes have failed.

These mighty barriers of mountains have for ages divided people that but for them might have been of one language, one interest, alike in laws and customs. For five hundred years there was but a stone path across the Helvetic Alps, where the St. Gothard post-road was afterward built; and it is but a century since the first vehicle on wheels was dragged over the pass, at an expense of several hundred dollars. Till that time, the traffic between two nations was borne on the backs of mules and men, who struggled, at the risk of death, along narrow stony ways, winding around glaciers, high mountain peaks, and yawning gulfs; 16,000 persons and 9,000 horses climbed over these dizzy heights annually.

There were scarcely fewer dangers to be encountered by the bold trader even forty or fifty years ago—sudden storms, almost eternal snows, avalanches, falling rocks, dangerous and unbridged torrents, and even robbers. Nature and man conspired to make the path of the St. Gothard one of awful risk and dangers. It winds among granite pyramids and peaks nine to ten thousand feet in height, and the road itself reaches an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet. Even now the snows on the pass are so deep and the dangers are so great that commerce and travel over the St. Gothard cease for half the year entirely, the mails being carried over by messengers. Such are a part only of the disadvantages arising to some sixty or seventy millions of people from this mighty mountain wall between Switzerland and Italy.

The building of the Mont Cenis tunnel through the Savoy Alps to France, and the Brenner road to Austria, have made it absolutely necessary for Germany and Switzerland to choose between losing the commerce and travel of the south, and building a mountain railroad, and a series of tunnels that shall eclipse anything of the kind in the world. The world knows how they have chosen.

The enterprise was too enormous for private undertaking or for private capital. In 1871, Italy, Germany and Switzerland voted large subventions for the building of a road, to be commenced at once, running from the Lake of Lucerne, in Switzerland, to Lake Maggiore, in Italy, a distance of 108 miles, Twenty-one per cent., or nearly 120,000 feet, of all this distance was to be tunneled through mountains of granite.

The total length of the main tunnel; which enters the Alps at Goeschenen, in Switzerland, and emerges at Airolo, in Italy, is 48,936 feet. A number of the smaller tunnels, bringing the road up to the proper level in the Alps, exceed 7,000 feet. On the lake of Lucerne, too, there will be important tunnels and galleries cut alongside of or under the celebrated Axenstrasse, high above the waters of the lake.

At the time the international treaty for this great undertaking was signed it was believed that the work could be done for the sum of 187,000,000 francs. A company was organized, with 34,000,000 francs of stock, in £20 shares, and 68,000,000 francs of mortgaged bonds. Italy presented the undertaking with 45,000,000 francs. Germany and Switzerland each gave 20,000,000 francs. The work, however, was not more than fairly under way when it was discovered, to the astonishment of everybody, that an awful mistake had been made in estimating the costs, and that, instead of 187,000,000 francs, 289,000,000 would be required to complete the work as at first proposed—a blunder in estimates of 102,000,000 francs.

This blundering calculation threatened all sorts of bad results. The stock of the company ran down to a minimum, and hundreds of families were nearly ruined by the collapse. The bonds shared in the crash, and even the most ardent friends of the enterprise feared that the money which had been so lavishly given was buried under the mountains forever. It became a serious question whether the works would not have to be completely abandoned. There certainly was no choice, except to lose all that had been done, or to add many millions more to the subventions. The times were hard, financial crises were imminent everywhere, and war was raging on the continent. Everybody was discouraged. Some of the little cantons of Switzerland, which would receive the most benefit from the completion of the tunnel, refused to lift a hand or to spend another dollar.

In the face of all opposition, however, the money has, at this writing, been almost raised. The three countries, parties to the treaty, have added largely to their subsidies, and leading Swiss railways and cities have each voted sums proportioned to the advantages they hope to reap. The work goes on—in fact, has never stopped.

The contract for this enormous work is most interesting. It was granted to Mr. Louis Favre, of Geneva. By its terms Mr. Favre promises to deliver the works of the tunnel, completed, by the 1st of October, 1880. For each day the work may be done before that time the company agrees to pay him $1,000. On the other hand, however, the contractor is bound to pay handsomely for all delays. For every single day in arrear of contract he forfeits $1,000. If delay continue six months, the forfeit is $2,000 per day; and should he be one year in arrear with his work, he surrenders the contract, and forfeits $1,600,000, which he and his friends for him, have deposited with the company as security.

On January 1, 1877, the headings, or a sort of advanced gallery eight feet square pushed forward at the top of the tunnel, were half-way in. Whether the gigantic work can really be completed within the time specified is a grave question for Mr. Favre. Opinions differ, and even engineers can do little more than guess.

Mr. S. M. Byers, from whose article in *Harper's Magazine* the foregoing information was obtained, gives the result of a recent visit to the unfinished tunnel, as follows:

Four of us with the engineer stood on the little cow-catcher platform at the front end of the engine, and were soon hurled off into the darkness. The screaming of the engine whistle right at our ears was frightful, and the darkness was so utter and the smoke so thick we fancied we could feel them with our hands. The gases began to be almost unbearable, and the miscellaneous noises throughout the tunnel something terrific.

I presume our train was not running fast, and yet it made so much noise, and the surroundings were so unusual, it seemed as if I had never in my life bounded along at such a rate. I had had many a strange ride, too, before, but never had I felt so completely helpless, or more likely to be snuffed out by the unseen should anything happen to the rails, or to the novel machine on which we were riding. As we rushed by dripping walls, and saw here and there ghoul-like figures with dim lamps hiding behind rocks or in deep niches, I involuntarily recalled what our conductor had said of a glimpse of the bowels of hell.

It was impossible to speak and be heard. I might as well have addressed myself to the granite walls of the tunnel as to have attempted a word to either of my companions. Suddenly our locomotive gave one extra, unearthly yell, and stopped. We alighted, got our lamps burning, and with a little motion on our own feet soon felt ourselves again. The engine sped back, screaming and rattling like the voices of Milton's damned.

We now started forward in the tunnel on foot, and, as we recovered our breath, had abundant time to look about, though there seemed something fatally wrong with the perspective of the picture of which we formed a part.

The air was so thick lights could not be seen twenty yards ahead of us, and we all walked close together for fear of being lost or tumbling into some subterranean hole.

Far ahead of us we heard the dynamite explosions, sounding like heavy mortars in the midst of battle. In some places where we were walking the water was nearly a foot deep, and again it came through crevasses above our heads like April showers. Our conductor tells us that on the Airolo side of the tunnel the waters have sometimes come in at the rate of 4,000 gallons per minute, and in such torrents as to even upset the workmen and carry away the tools. Again, an occasional spring would burst out in a stream as thick as a man's arm, while the track for the drills was frequently laid in rushing water two feet deep. This water comes from springs in the mountains about us, and from eternal snow-fields lying in the sunshine thousands of feet above our heads.

It is very impressive to reflect that, as we stand here in the dim light of the tunnel, far above us are lofty mountains and fields of snow, tumbling avalanches and roaring torrents. Almost above us are the peaks of St. Gothard, reaching above the clouds; and there, too, is the rapid, roaring river Reuss, with its leaping water-falls, and the Devil's Bridge, where French and Austrian soldiers met in deadly conflict. Up there, too, are the bright sunshine and the cold snow of winter, and the diligences and sledges filled with freezing passengers, while we are melting under eighty degrees Fahrenheit of heat, and the Italian workmen are almost naked. There, too, above our heads, in the glistening glaciers, are the first ripplings of the baby Rhine. Behind us are the cold hills of Switzerland. In front of us, and just outside those granite rocks, is sunny Italy. How strangely we feel!

Our conductor stops us to name the strata of rock through which we are walking. The first 7,000 feet at the Goeschenen end had been through dark gray granite or granitic gneiss; then followed 1,000 feet of schistous gneiss, lying in vertical ledges; then 500 feet of crystalline limestone, with here and there a streak of black serpentine, followed by 3,000 feet of micaceous schists, and some 20,000 feet of gneiss rich in mica. This is followed again by 5,000 feet of schistous gneiss with threads and lumps of quartz, and nearly 10,000 feet of mica schist, ending on the Italian side with some 2,000 feet more of mica schist mixed with gneiss and rich veins of quartz. Such were the calculations made by the geologists from the mountains above the tunnel, and the boring so far has proved these observations to be pretty nearly correct. But little gold, silver, or other precious ore has been met with, and even stone-coal has failed to put in an appearance, much as it would be welcomed by the Swiss, who have scarcely a pound of coal in their whole Alpine country.

The tunnel has about the same dimensions, except in length, as the Mount Cenis tunnel; that is, it is, in round numbers, twenty-four feet in width at sleepers, twenty-six feet wide at springing of arch, and nineteen feet high between sleepers and center of arch. It starts into the mountain at a point 3,639 feet above the sea, and comes out at Airolo, on the Italian side, 3,757 feet above the sea-level.

On the north axis the tunnel ascends one foot in every 172 feet, or about 142 feet in traversing the distance of 24,462 feet. It then follows a summit or level line for the next 591 feet, when it descends to Airolo, 24,279 feet farther, at a gradient of one in 1,000. The highest point in the tunnel, hence, is 142 feet above the entrance at the north end, and twenty-four feet only above the outlet at the south. These gradients are for the purpose of permitting the water to pass off through a channel of masonry cut between the two tracks of rails toward either end.

Almost the entire tunnel is being arched and lined with solid masonry, eighteen to thirty inches in thickness, and that, too, in places where the granite and serpentine blocks seem to the ordinary observer the perfection of solidity.

One Hundred and Fifty Years of Law.

An intricate suit for the possession of an estate—Stanfield Hall, in Norwich, England, for nearly a century and a half in dispute—has just been decided, the trial traversing many strange experiences, including many horrible tragedy. The estate came into the possession of William Jermy in 1735 through marriage. Mr. Jermy made a will, bequeathing it in succession to Jacob Preston and his heirs and to Thomas Preston and his heirs, and in default of issue by either of them, to such relative of the name of Jermy nearest akin to the testator, and to his heirs forever. These Prestons were relatives of his second wife, and not of the wife through whom he acquired the property. William Jermy died a year after making the will, and the father of the Prestons, who were both minors, sought out the two Jermys next of kin and prevailed upon them to relinquish all claims upon the estate for $100 each. The sons dying without heirs, the elder Preston claimed possession by virtue of his purchase, and entailed it by will upon his son, the Rev. George Preston, and his heirs, forever. The affair became the talk of the country, and pamphlets were printed explaining and attacking it; but as the Jermys made no attempt to recover the property the matter was forgotten, and for eighty years the Prestons enjoyed the fruits of the bargain. At length one of the Prestons made a bitter enemy of one of his tenants named Rush by a quarrel and lawsuit, which left Rush financially ruined. Rush revived the old story of how the Prestons (who had adopted the name of Jermy) came into possession of the estate, and made a written agreement with two other claimants that he should have the farm at low rates if he put them in possession. Being hard pressed for money, Rush masked himself and went over to the hall one night and murdered Mr. Preston-Jermy and his son, and severely wounded the son's wife and her maid. The murderer, in spite of the scheme to fix the crime upon the two Jermy claimants, was brought to trial and hanged. But lately a new claimant appeared, who based his claim upon the assertion that he was a descendant of a Jermy nearer related than the two whose claims were bought by the elder Preston. The defendants set up the statute of limitation, upon which plea they won the case; and thus, after 150 years, the title is for the first time legally settled.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Japan has thirty-eight banks, and will soon have sixty-four more.

Wisconsin's bounty of $5 for every wolf scalp cost the State $16,000 last year, as the wolves are increasing, and it is suspected that the wolves are raised for their scalps.

Between a Swiss watchmaker and a Swiss chemist, a watch has been devised the dial of which will be phosphorescent, so that at night or in the dark it will distinctly show the hours.

Ostriches have lately increased in value from $800 to $1,000 per pair. The man who purchased 1,000,000 pairs last summer is now raking in dead oads of profit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Kollmer, Holstein, has just had the diamond wedding, or seventy-fifth marriage anniversary of two of its 1,400 parishioners. Two more such occasions are near at hand, and during the last fourteen years ten have taken place.

Philadelphia's permanent exhibition is still open, occupying the main building of the international exhibition of 1876. Concerts and balls are the chief attractions, and the receipts for a year have reached within about $10,000 of expenses.

No less than three important will contests are pending in Philadelphia, in which the alleged grounds of contest are that the instruments offered for probate are forgeries. One of the estates, that of Robert Whitaker, amounts to between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000, and the other estates are large.

The Mennonites are increasing rapidly in Nebraska, Kansas and Minnesota, owing chiefly to the immigration of the Russian Mennonites, who are allowed by the Russian government until 1880 to leave Russia to avoid military enlistment. There are about 70,000 of this sect in America, about one-tenth of them being in Canada.

As an illustration of the prevalent extravagance of dress in our day, it is said that bonnets are selling in Paris just now at incredible prices. A lady can easily procure one for $2,500. They are made in imitation of lace, but carved in mother-of-pearl and decorated with jewels. Such a figure as $1,250 is estimated as comparatively cheap.

American cigars have recently been advertised in London at very low rates. They have proved to be the cabbage leaf and brown paper brands not unknown this side of the water. Says a London newspaper: "These precious commodities are known to be largely formed of a peculiar description of straw paper steeped in tobacco juice, which is manufactured in the United States for this express purpose, and largely exported to the Cuban and other markets."

The earliest notice of yellow fever is that of Ligon, in his "History of Barbadoes." He there states that it broke out early in September, 1647, and that before the expiration of a month "the living were scarcely able to bury the dead." Thereafter it did not attain any very remarkable severity until 1793, when it destroyed no less than 6,000 men of the garrison of Port Royal in the course of a few months. In 1804 it was brought to the south of Spain, and visited Cadiz, Malaga and Carthagena. But its greatest force fell upon Gibraltar, where out of the civil population of the town, amounting to nearly 14,000 persons, only twenty-eight escaped attack.

The head gardener in the Botanical gardens at Singapore had rather a dangerous adventure recently with the python presented to the gardens by the Maharajah of Johore. The creature is sluggish in his habits and allows liberties to be taken with him. On the day the gardener entered the python's cage and was showing it to a friend that he could do as he pleased with him, when suddenly, irritated by a kick in the head, the python coiled himself quickly round the gardener's body, and had well nigh succeeding in squeezing the life out of him before assistance arrived in the shape of Private John Adolphus of her majesty's Twenty-eighth regiment, who very pluckily seized the snake, and, by sheer strength, forced him to let go.

M. D. Conway writes from London that "Frank Millet, who, from being a drummer boy in the late American war, became an earnest art student at Antwerp and at Rome, has a charming little chalet near Honfleur, from whose summer house in the garden he can gather figs and cast their rinds into the sea. Millet had enough interest in the battle-field left to lay down his pencil for a time and go off as a war correspondent in the East with poor MacGahan, and he has brought back captive a fine specimen of that region—a certain Greek-Turk, one Paulo, who, having been his guide out there for a time, refused to leave him, and follows him wherever he goes. Paulo is a matchless servant, is able to do anything at all; already since he has been in France he has mastered its best culinary art, and the way he makes up seaside delicacies for Millet's table is such as might inspire even French cooks with envy.

Miss Wardlake rejected one lover and married another. This was in Juanita, Cal., of which place she was regarded as the belle. The wedding brought together all the fashionable folks of the place, including Henry Barron, the rejected suitor, who joined the rest in seemingly heartfelt congratulations of the bride. It was afterward remembered, however, that he acted like a man in a daze—conduct at the time attributed to too free drinking of the beverages that formed a part of the refreshments. Just before the assemblage was about to disperse, Barron approached the bride, bearing two glasses of wine. He handed her one and drank the other himself, saying significantly: "Let us drink together once more, for the last time on earth." She was rather saddened by his words, but supposed that they referred to the necessary end of their intercourse, and drank the wine. In half an hour both were dead. Barron had put poison in the wine.

An incident of a recent flood in Texas is thus described by the Austin *Reveille:* A man was carried down by the flood, but managed to get up a swiftly-dissolving bank of earth. He called to his son, who was on high ground above, to bring a rope, and the boy hurriedly obeyed the request, and when he arrived at the edge of the bank and threw the rope over to his father the old man took it in his hand, and in a cool tone said to the boy: "Now listen to me, and do as I tell you. If you find you can't hold on when I commence to climb, let go. There's no use in both of us being drowned; I'm here in the water, and you are safe up there on the bank, so don't let me pull you down. If you find you can't hold the rope, drop it, and run down on the flat and grab for me as I float by." The boy braced up firmly on the ground and told his father to come on, and the old fellow went up the rope like a cat going up a back-yard fence with a bootjack in pursuit.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Look for grubs among your peach trees right away; at the surface of the ground, or just below it, you know.

Wooden floors are objected to for poultry houses, for the reason that they tend to cause the birds to become duck-footed, and what is of more consequence, absorb and retain dampness from the droppings, and so prove a source of cramp and other ailments.

Fowls need charcoal when in confinement; but that from wood is not palatable to them. The best way to furnish it is by charring an ear of corn. The fowls will devour it greedily, and the improved color of their combs will soon show its wholesome effect.

The farmer who wishes to avoid an excess of labor, with unprofitable result, will not spread a small quantity of manure over a large surface of poor land, but will only plow as much as he can highly manure, when his income will be as large, and his labor nearly one-half saved.

"The cause of failure in the peach crop often comes, in my opinion, from too great fertility of the soil on which the trees grow. As the peach tree grows rapidly it is often hurt by the frost because its wood is not sufficiently hardened. I get the best results from slow-growing trees on not over-rich soil."—*Mr. Martin, Oskaloosa, Ia.*

Cabbage has a superior value for feeding purposes. English cattle feeders assert that their beasts progress faster on cabbage, mixed with plenty of fine cut wheat straw and cotton cake, than any other vegetable. Cabbage contains one part flesh-forming substance to three of heat producing, while in potatoes the flesh-forming is only one to twenty. Cabbage is also rich in mineral matter.

"After a long experience I am safe in making the statement that the soil upon which they are raised has much to do with the character of russet apples. Those raised on a sandy soil are much more juicy and of finer flavor, while those on hill lands are the best keepers. I have known a russet tree to bear the third year, but this is unusual. Generally about the fourth or fifth year they begin to bear small crops, though some times not until the seventh or eighth. Much depends on the size and also on the variety."—*G. D., Hocking, O.*

Recipes.

PEPPER CHOW-CHOW.—Cut in half, and remove the seeds from twenty-five peppers; soak in salted water for three or four hours; chop fine and add twice as much chopped cabbage as peppers; one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, mustard seed, whole—and salt; mix thoroughly; cover with cold vinegar and tie down.

HASH.—The following is a good and economical way for preparing hash: Take cold roast lamb or mutton; throw away the fat portions; chop very fine, and add water enough to make it quite thin; boil in frying-pan; add butter, salt and pepper to suit taste; have ready hot toast which has been well buttered and dipped into cream or rich milk, and spread the hash over the toast, and serve immediately.

LEMON MARMALADE.—To make lemon marmalade, squeeze the lemons, boil the peels in water till soft, then take out the pith, and pound the remainder in a mortar till quite fine, mixing with it a little of the juice. Pass it all, with the rest of the juice, through a sieve into a preserving pan. To every pound of pulp add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Boil it for half an hour or more, so that it sets, when cold, into a jelly.

ORANGE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, yelks of five eggs, whites of two eggs, half cups of cold water, two and a half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the juice and grated rind of one orange and a pinch of salt; bake in jelly-cake tins. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add seven large tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the grated rind and juice of one orange. Spread this between the layers. If you like the taste of orange, you will like this cake.

Insects on House Plants.

The principal insects troubling house plants are the green fly, the mealy bug, the scale and the red spider. The most effectual remedy for green fly is fumigation with tobacco. Some wooded plants, such as heliotropes, salvias, etc., will not bear fumigation without injury to the leaves, and for these a weak solution of tobacco is quite as effectual. Steep some tobacco in water and sprinkle the plant with the solution, and afterwards syringe with clean water. Mealy bug is to be searched for and destroyed. Frequent spongings do much to keep down this pest. Scale is to be treated in the same way: Warm soap suds are peculiarly distasteful to this creature. A little turpentine, diluted with water (one part to sixteen), will destroy the mealy bug. Alcohol, applied with a camel's-hair brush, will kill any insect it touches.

Plants treated with these remedies must be syringed with clear water immediately thereafter. White hellebore (to be obtained at the drug store) is infallible. It can

Centre Reporter.

D. K. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Oct. 17, 1878.

FOR GOVERNOR:
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union Co.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery Co.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford Co.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS:
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

Pres't Judge—C. A. Mayer.
Congress—Andrew G. Curtin.
Senator—Cyrus T. Alexander.
Assembly—Wm. A. Murray, Harris; J. P. Gephart, Bellefonte.
Sheriff—John Spangler, Potter.
Treasurer—Adam Yearick, Marion.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper, Bellef.
Commissioners—George Swab, Harris; Jacob Dunkle, Walker.
Register—W. E. Burchfield, Ferg.
Recorder—Wm. A. Tobias, Bellef.
Auditors—Ths. B. Jamison, Gregg; George Williams, Union.
Coroner—C. Cambridge, Boggs.

The prospect in the state is bright for Dill's election. Our leaders feel confident of the state. Democrats do your duty in the good work, and sweep out the Cameron dynasty.

Yocum was a hardmoney radical to within an hour and 45 minutes before he was nominated for congress by the greenbackers—one gentleman vouches that he was unchanged until one hour and 36 minutes before his nomination. We dont care about a few minutes in this matter. Only wish to say that if any greenbacker can be made thus to swallow Yocum, he'll find it'll choke 'um. Oh, laboring man, don't be gulled.

The Bellefonte Republican has done one commendable thing—it has put up the name of Hon. C. A. Mayer for President Judge. Now let it go the balance of the democratic ticket, and its (the Republican's) salvation will be sure.

The Centre Herald, greenback, has also raised the name of Hon. C. A. Mayer for President Judge. One good idea in them fellows.

All the papers in Centre county—Democratic, greenback and republican—support Hon. C. A. Mayer for Judge. And we might add he will get nearly every vote in the county too.

A rural greenbacker, from the Buffalo Run region, had Yocum pointed out to him, on the fair ground, last week. "La," says he, "is that our candidate for congress—he can't be right, he wears a big white hat, that's not what I'd look for." Jess, so; a good many will find themselves fooled in geth—he's a hardmoney rad on the greenback ticket. Look out for the white hat, greenbackers.

Every leading democratic paper in the state has a good word to say in favor of A. G. Curtin, as the democratic nominee of this district for congress. Outsiders think we should be proud of so distinguished a leader. Well, we are—we have tried Mr. Curtin for six years and found him a good enough democrat. He is doing noble service throughout the state for the good cause, and we trust the democracy at home will give him a rousing vote, which would make the Camerons madder still.

Put down Curtin's majority in Centre county at 1,500.

Alexander's at 1,200.

The county ticket at 1,100.

That's the way the thing looks now and improving with "each shining hour."

Those democrats who have allied themselves with the "Greenback" organization can see in the light of the Ohio election returns what good they are able to accomplish. They were unable to elect a single congressman and succeeded only in defeating the democratic state ticket and in helping a few republican candidates for congress to slip through who would otherwise have been defeated. Democrats who vote the "Greenback" ticket simply aid in keeping the republican party in power. They might as well go straight into the camp of the enemy.

The republicans have credit for the
Credit Mobilier Swindle,
The Freedman's Bank Fraud,
The Emma Mine Swindle,
The Carpet Bag Robberies,
The Indian Ring Frauds,
The Defalcations in the Public Service,
Belknapery and Babcockery,
The Black Friday Swindle,
The stolen Presidency,
and in Pennsylvania the
$150,000 Extra Pay Legislature,
The Recorder Job,
The defeat of the Free Pipe Bill.
The defeat of the Anti-Discrimination Bill,
The creation of useless and expensive commissions,
The disregard of the provisions of the reform constitution.
Increase of ordinary expenditures of state government over democratic expenditures $1,000,000 per annum.
The Cameron Succession Scheme.

Why don't the greenback candidates for Assembly come out over their own names and pledge themselves against the re-election of Cameron? It is not necessary for the democratic candidates to do this because the status of Wm. A. Murray and J. P. Gephart is known—they are in no event for Cameron. But with the other candidates, including Simlar, the republican candidate, this is not the case. Let Simlar, Gramley and Lingle, come out and say to the people that they are not for the re-election of Don Cameron to the U. S. Senate if they are really opposed to him. Thus far these men have refused and are keeping the voter in the dark. Their silence we take to mean that the charge against them is correct.

The people of Centre county are not in favor of the Cameron succession and they should be careful to elect men who are sound with them upon this important matter. Messrs. Gephart and Murray are not for Cameron, hence vote for them for Assembly.

Democrats of Centre, now that both houses of Congress have been gained by our party, are you willing to do your share in the onward course of triumph until we gain the President? We are gaining power step by step and now have reached the steps of the white house, and with united, harmonious action, we will elect the next president. No more radical congresses to interfere in that. Don't have any petty bickerings, then, democrats of Centre, vote the entire ticket, it is composed of good men all through and is one of the best we ever had—State and county. Centre county democrats must do their share towards carrying the state.

Democrats, remember the importance of this election.

A SOLDIER OF TWO WARS SPEAKS.

The veteran General James Shields addressed a democratic meeting in Cincinnati on Tuesday evening last in which he took occasion to expose the republican attempt to make capital out of the fact that he was not elected doorkeeper of the house of represntates at Washington by the democrats. But the democrats in congress did undertake to do a better thing for Gen. Shields, to recognize his eminent services to the country by putting him on the retired list as a brigadier general. The republicans, however, who simply because they were anxious to defeat the democratic caucus nominee for doorkeeper supported Gen. Shields for that office defeated the bill retiring him as a brigadier general. In the course of his address Gen. Shields took occasion to refer to the matter in the following language:

I say here to-night, I have never left any stain upon that glorious banner, except the stain of my blood. "[Loud and continued cheers.] I am now an old man, sixty-eight years of age. I have four wounds on my body, some received in the Mexican war, and one great wound in the last war. Had not the house of representatives the right to make me a brigadier general [A voice—"Yes,"] and not doorkeeper? I have sat in the senate of the United States. I have more wounds on my body, did more fighting than any man put on the retired list [applause], and yet, to my astonishment and amazement, and to my disappointment, that republican party in the senate, far from following the glorious example which was set by the house of representatives, refused my name to go on the retired list of officers; that senate which I supposed would make me a brigadier general without hesitating, and where I myself sat, refused to make me brigadier general, but put instead General Grant. But, no; they said they would make General Shields doorkeeper. Ah, my friends, if I am poor I am too proud to accept the honorable position of doorkeeper from a republican senate. [Applause.] Now these men tell you the democratic candidate, Milton Sayler, did not vote for me. Ah, Mr. Sayler did more than vote for me; he fought to get me brigadier general—which I asked for and was entitled to—which the republicans refused to grant.

They say the democrats destroyed me. Oh, no, it was the republicans who destroyed me. I never said this in my life before, but truth demands it, justice demands it. The republicans could not beat me fairly by fair treatment. They have resorted to this impractical way of beating a Union soldier not because I was an Irishman—no, my Irish friends, not at all, not a bit of it—but because I happened to be a democrat. That was it.

Gov. Curtin having been an ardent democrat for six years that should satisfy any reasonable democrat of his democracy. There is no reason at all why any democrat should refuse to support him. His views upon the financial question are sound. He is fighting corruption harder than many old and life long democrats, and has done our party great service in Ohio, and Indiana as well as in our own state. He is now working night and day, for Dill, and everywhere pronounces himself in favor of the democratic platform. Democrats you must choose between Curtin who is right now, although once a republican, and Seth Yocum always a republican and of course always wrong.

Which of the two, democrats, do you think it is best for our party to have in congress?

Curtin is a man of great ability who would at once stand in the front ranks of able men upon the floor. Yocum is a man of no attainments, who would never be heard of there.

Anti-Cameron republicans in Centre county should remember that the only safe legislative ticket for them to vote is J. P. Gephart and Wm. A. Murray. The republican organization and its nominees are in the Cameron interest entirely. It is suspected that the greenback party, by some of its leaders is in the Cameron interest and that those who have joined that organization with honest purpose, will find themselves duped when it is too late, and that they were only used as a bob to the tail of the Cameron kite. Now is the time to put an end to the Cameron domination. The question is whether that corrupt clan shall have this state under its thumb for four years longer. Vote for Gephart and Murray, and you are certain of two men who will not vote to reelect Don Cameron to the U. S. Senate.

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNTY COMMITTEE.

To the Democratic voters of Centre County:—We are in the midst of a most important political contest. On the fifth of November, the people of Pennsylvania elect a Governor, Lieutenant, Governor, Secretary of Internal Affairs, and judge of the Supreme Court, while in this district they elect a President judge, Congressman, and state Senator, and in this county nearly every county officer. The Assembly we elect this year will vote for a United States Senator, while the state senator elected will have a voice in the election of two United States Senators.

For eighteen years the republican party has had control of the executive department of our state government, and for most of that time, of both branches of the legislature. During the last twelve years the extravagance, profligacy or corruption of the administration has been most marked. The appropriation and expenditure of public money has been double what it was under any democratic administration during an equal length of time. Moneys belonging to the "sinking fund," which was sacredly pledged to the payment of the public debt, by virtue of a democratic amendment to the constitution of the state, have been misapplied and squandered. Public offices have been multiplied, and the salaries and emoluments have been so largely increased as to be a great burden upon the people. The republican party for four years has persistently refused to enact the necessary laws to carry into effect the reforms of the constitution of 1873, but on the other hand have devised measures for evading its solitary provisions.

The democratic party has placed in nomination men for the four state offices to be filled at the coming election, who are in all respects deserving of the support of every democrat. They are all experienced in public offices, honest, competent and faithful. It should be the pleasure, as it is the duty, of every democrat to zealously work for the success of the ticket composed of such worthy candidates.

For President Judge of the 25th judicial district our party has nominated Hon. Charles A. Mayer of Clinton, who for the last ten years has discharged the duties of that office. The great learning, ability and fidelity to law and justice, exhibited by judge Mayer in the performance of the trying duties of his position, have so won the hearts of the people of this district, that there is no organized opposition to his reelection. Both the republican and National parties have declared in conference that it was inexpedient to place in nomination a candidate for that office, and the only opposition there is to the unanimous election of Judge Mayer arises from the self-imposed candidacy of one whose ambition has run away with his judgement, and whose desire for public office has made him forget the pledge he gave when he asked the support of the democracy of Centre county, that he was a candidate "subject to democratic rules." Let every honest voter in Centre county whether he be democrat, republican or national, vote for Judge Mayer, and thereby assist in maintaining the dignity, purity and independence of the judiciary.

After a more than ordinarily exciting primary election, the democracy of this county presented the name of Hon. Andrew G. Curtin for Congress; and the choice of this county was subsequently ratified by the conference composed of representatives from all the counties in the Twentieth Congressional district. Gov. Curtin was fairly and regularly nominated as the candidate of the democracy of this district, and as such should receive the vote of every democrat. Individuals may have doubted the wisdom or propriety of nominating one not born in our party, or they may have had preferences for other candidates in or out of this county; but no good democrat will refuse to submit to the action of the nominating Assemblies, when the nomination is regularly and fairly made. Gov. Curtin held high and responsible positions under the republican party, and during that time differed from democrats as to the policy which should control our government. When the war was over, slavery abolished, and the negro given political rights, he differed from his party as to the policy of attempting to control elections in the southern states by the use of military power, and also as to its destructive and profligate financial policy. The old issues upon which he had differed from us were settled forever, whether for good or evil, and upon the new issues which the progress of events were developing he stood side by side with democrats. Finding that his party was pursuing a policy which he could not endorse, he voluntarily resigned a high and lucrative office, that of Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, and returned home to take part in opposition to the re-election of President Grant. His accession to our ranks was considered so important at that time, that in order to give it proper recognition, Ex-Gov. Bigler was induced to resign his position upon our state ticket as delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention, and Gov. Curtin was placed upon the ticket in his stead. Having been elected, Gov. Curtin brought to the service of our people his great learning, knowledge, experience and capacity, and labored for one whole year by the side of such leading democrats as judges J. S. Black and Geo. W. Woodward and Senator C. R. Buckalew, and after the convention had completed its labors, he advocated the ratification of its work in speeches made to the people of this and other counties. During the political campaign of 1875, he advocated the election of Gov. Allen of Ohio in opposition to President Hayes, and after the October election took the stump in Pennsylvania in support of our candidate Hon. C. L. Pershing against Gov. Hartranft. In 1876 he labored with great zeal and ability for the success of our party and its principles in Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania; and after the election was selected by the Democratic National Committee, in connection with Gov. Bigler of this state and leading democrats from other states, to go to Louisiana to try to prevent the great fraud which was contemplated and subsequently perpetrated upon the people of this country. In all of these positions, and at all times, he has been faithful and true to the trust and confidence reposed in him; and at no time has he hesitated or refused to perform any labor, however great, if it was deemed necessary to promote the success of our policy, and the good of the people. He is now laboring in distant parts of the state for the success of our candidates and in support of the principles of the Pittsburg platform. Under these circumstances, it would be ungrateful, unjust and unpatriotic for any democrat to refuse to vote for him. It has been just forty years since we had a democratic congressman from Centre county, and now when we have an opportunity of electing one, county pride should make every Centre county democrat willing to labor and vote for his success.

It has been nearly fifty years since we have had a democratic state senator from this county. We have now an opportunity of electing one in the person of Cyrus T. Alexander, who has heretofore served our people well in the lower house. Mr. Alexander is so well known and so deservedly popular, and possesses to so eminent a degree, the capacity, learning, experience and character, which fit him for the position to which he has been nominated, that it is hardly necessary to say more concerning him. We have various local interests in our county, which should be fully and fairly represented in the Senate, which makes the election of a Senator from this county at this time very important, and as the republican party has seen fit to make no nomination against Mr. Alexander, he should receive the almost unanimous vote of the county.

It is important that the two candidates for Assembly be elected, not only to properly represent the people of the county in the general legislation of the state, but especially because they have a voice in the election of a Senator to represent this state in the federal congress for the six years from the fourth of March next.

The candidates for the various county offices are all good men and true. Each one was fairly nominated and is competent and qualified for the office for which he is named. While there were other candidates before the convention for most of the offices, who were no doubt equally deserving and equally qualified, yet the choice of the convention should be ratified at the polls without a dissent. No good democrat will oppose or scratch a candidate upon the ticket, because he or some friend of his failed to get a place there.

Let every democrat, therefore, labor zealously for the success of the whole ticket until the polls close on the evening of the fifth of November next, and then rejoice together over the great victory which their labor and fidelity have assisted to achieve.

By order of the Committee,
J. P. GEPHART,
Chairman.

The republican greenbackers of Ohio in the election last week, quietly voted the republican ticket, leaving the democratic greenbackers alone to vote the greenback ticket, so as to draw off strength from the democrats and insure a republican victory. Greenback democrats of Centre, look out for the same game here. Come back into the good old party, it has all in its platform that you ask, and the very best and purest men upon the state and county ticket.

1872. READ! 1878.

STRONG TESTIMONY FOR DEMOCRATS

That Curtin was Good Enough in '72.
Then why not even Better in '78?

THE "WATCHMAN" UPON CURTIN.

As the Democratic *Watchman* which claims to be the organ of the party in this county, and for more than sixteen years has been largely supported by the official patronage of the party, has not put up the name of our candidate for Congress, and has nothing to say in his support, we have taken the trouble to reprint the following extracts from that paper when Gov. Curtin was upon our ticket, in 1872, for delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention. In subsequent numbers we shall copy editorials from the *Watchman* for 1874, 1875 and 1876, showing that Mr. Meek fully endorsed the democracy and trustworthiness of our candidate from 1872, when he first came to us, until the opening of the present contest for the congressional nomination.

If Gov. Curtin was a good democrat enough in 1872, to be voted for by democrats; and trusted by them to make a constitution, which was to be the supreme law of the state, and intended to remain unchanged for generations, after six years additional services in the party, is he not a good democrat enough to be voted for for Congress, and to be trusted with a part in ordinary legislation, which may be repealed by any succeeding Congress? The democrats of this county can thus plainly see that Meek's present opposition to Curtin can have no higher origin than chagrin at his own defeat, and may result from even less excusable motives.

[From Dem. Watchman, Aug. 2, 1872.]

Governor Curtin all Right.

It makes the Grant men in this region, ferocious, to tell them that Andy Curtin is coming home to work for Buckalew and Greeley. They just fill up and boil over with indignation, call us poor Democrats "liars," and various other pet names, say that it is not true, and generally manifest the most extreme demoralization over the, to them, uncomfortable and discouraging news. The intelligence amazes them so, that, although they cannot help believing it, they will refuse to acknowledge it until they have it from the eloquent lips of the Governor himself.

Nevertheless, it is true, and the personal presence of Governor Curtin himself will soon confirm it. Letters have been received from him avowing his intention to support both Buckalew and Greeley, and to canvass the State for them as soon as he gets home, which will be sometime during this present month. He also states that he had "determined a year ago to oppose Grant on account of his objectionable conduct and unfitness, even if *he had been obliged to support a straight out Democrat against him.*" This settles the matter, and puts "the great war governor," in our State campaign, on the side of Buckalew and Democracy.

Now, then, gentleman Radicals, what have you got to say about it? Here is a man whom only a few years ago—nay, less than a year ago—you all swore by, and would have hooted any one of your number that would have dared to have said a word against him; here is a man whom you called proudly "the soldier's friend;" here is your "great War Governor," the man who led you to victory in two hotly contested State elections, coming home to *speak and vote for* Buckalew, because why? Because, like an honest and honorable man, he is disgusted and alarmed at the condition of things in the State and nation, and anxious for reform and a return to pure and wholesome government. Because he knows that Hartranft and Allen are the candidates of a ring of treasury robbers, who, with Simon Cameron at their head, have been gorging themselves off the public treasury for years. Because he wants to put an end to bribery, corruption and the violation of law. Because he wants good and pure men in office, and because he has a State pride that turns with loathing from the depths of degradation into which Geary and the Camerons, using Hartranft and Evans as tools, have plunged our grand old Commonwealth.

Again, gentleman Radicals, we ask you have you got anything to say? Is not Governor Curtin as good a man now, as he was when you were all pulling off your hats and shouting hallelujahs in his honor? Are not his words entitled to as much consideration, and is not the very fact that he cannot support either your State or National ticket the most convincing proof that a great rottenness exists somewhere among your leaders? You cannot impugn Governor Curtin's Republicanism. He was with you through all the years of the war; he was your pride, your hope, your glory. Nothing but the most undeniable evidence of the unworthiness of your candidates, and of the crime and corruption that has been and is being committed and sanctioned by both the State and National administrations could have turned him against you now. He has placed himself on the side of honesty and against corruption, and calls on you, once more, to follow him. Will you do it?

[From Dem. Watchman, Sept. 13, 1872.]

Gov. Curtin Declares for Buckalew.

We have at last the pleasing announcement that Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, late United States Minister to Russia, has declared himself in favor of Mr. Buckalew, and will support that gentleman for Governor. Moreover, he will accept the position of Democratic candidate for Constitutional Convention at large. A gentleman, now in Philadelphia, who knows whereof he speaks, but whose name we do not print because he has requested us not to, telegraphed us as follows, on Wednesday evening:

PHILADELPHIA Pa., Sept. 11, 1872.
Watchman Office, Bellefonte, Pa.:

Curtin agrees to accept position as Democratic candidate for Constitutional Convention at large and declares for Buckalew.

In a letter, mailed at the same time the despatch was sent, and which was received *yesterday* afternoon, we are assured that the news contained in it "IS A CERTAINTY AND KNOCKS THE TALK OUT OF THE RADICALS DOWN HERE!"

What will our Radical friends have to say to this now? Did we not tell them that Gov. Curtin was going to come out from among them and take his stand on the side of justice and right as soon as he got home? The result has verified our prediction, and every lover of good and honest government will rejoice that it is so.

It was fun to observe the elongation of the countenances of the few Radicals to whom we read the above dispatch, after receiving it. Like the boy whom the calf run over, they felt too bad to say much about it, but their looks expressed volumes of chagrin and despair. Their hope, like a rainbow of summer, seemed to disappear in an instant.

It would be silly for us to pretend that we are not glad to have Gov. Curtin on our side. We all know how high his influence is rated by the Radicals, and we are, of course, glad to have that influence thrown for us. It will help materially to overthrow the Cameron domination and the Cameron candidates, and cannot fail to convince the people of the truth of what we have all along told them, that there is something rotten in the Denmark of Radicalism—else why the defection of so many of their very best and most influential men?

The above dispatch, taken in connection with the very remarkable and exceedingly dry letter of Gov. Curtin in this week's *Republican*, declining the Radical nomination for Congress, we think settles the question of his political position. He is undoubtedly for Buckalew, and the fact that he will accept the position of delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention on our ticket, clinches the whole matter.

[From Dem. Watchman, Sept. 12, 1872.]

Governor Curtin.

The following letter, says the *Patriot*, sets at rest all doubts about the position of Gov. Curtin. Here, where everybody is his earnest friend, except the Camerons, who hate him, the news will add hundreds of votes to the ticket which means "down with the rings." As was expected, the name and influence of the great war governor, who is endorsed by the people of Pennsylvania, cannot be lent to the support of the most corrupt men that ever ran for office in this State. All honor to the "Soldier's Friend," who will help the people in their efforts to throw off the yoke of the Camerons.

PHILADELPHIA LIBERAL REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE ROOMS, PHILADELPHIA, September 16, 1872.—*Geo. H. Irwin, Esq.*—DEAR SIR: Gov. Curtin's nomination by the liberal committee was made with his distinct approval, had some days before; and as soon as he is able to write at all he will formally accept, defining his position in a manner most favorable to the liberals of the State. He will not be well enough, I fear, to take the stump. A dispatch from his family, received this morning, says that he is improving. Yours, &c.,
A. K. M'CLURE.

The Dem. *Watchman* of Sept. 27, 1872, says: Gov. Curtin was formerly called "the soldier's friend," and he now manifests his title to that name by coming out in favor of the man who voted *to pay the soldier in GOLD*—the noble Buckalew.

[From Dem. Watchman, Sept. 27, 1872.]

The Interpolated Letter of Gov. Curtin.

As we charged last week, Gov. Curtin's letter to Gen. Beaver, E. C. Humes, E. Blanchard, James Milliken and others, was really interpolated and changed from what it was in the original. This contemptible trick was resorted to in order to let the Radicals down easy over the Governor's declination to accept their congressional offer, and to make the people believe that he was really in favor of the election of John F. Hartranft. That men, claiming so much honor and respectability as those men do, should resort to such a small game as that was, for the express purpose of deceiving the people and placing Gov. Curtin in a false position before them, is most astonishing, and can only be paralleled among the records of the lowest class of political bummers and scoundrels. For one, we must say that we are completely dumbfounded at such bold-faced effrontery. We had a right to expect better things of these gentlemen, whatever we might have looked for at the hands of Brown and others of that ilk. Their conduct is a lamentable instance of the triumph of political hatred and passion over the dictates of personal honor and manly uprightness. For church members and Sabbath school devotees, their course is, to say the least, most extraordinary.

To prove that what we say and have said about this matter IS TRUE, and to thus stamp the seal of dishonor and condemnation upon the foreheads of those base interpolators, we will state that *we have seen a letter* from Gov. Curtin to a distinguished Philadelphian, which states, in the most positive terms, that the letter printed in the *Republican* was not printed as he had written it, or intended it, and complaining of the injustice done him by the men in whom he had confidence enough to say that they would at least give his utterances to the public *verbatim et literatim*.

In the letter to which we refer, Gov. Curtin, says:

"I wrote: 'I am encouraged by my physicians to hope that after a little while of absolute rest, skillful medical treatment and freedom, I may become strong enough to discuss the pending political issues. My convictions are well settled and will be frankly and fully expressed when I am able to do so with justice to myself.'"

Now, how did Messrs. Beaver, Humes, Blanchard, Milliken and others have the above extract printed in the *Republican*? They just coolly inserted, after the word "enough," as it occurs in the above, these words: "TO ASSIST YOU in discussing the pending political issues." The Governor did not say that, after a certain season of rest, he might become strong enough to assist them (the Radicals) in discussing the pending political issues, but that he might become strong enough to discuss the pending political issues." The words "*to assist* YOU" did not occur in the Governor's letter at all, but were putthere by the highly respectable forgers above alluded to. The gun, however, which they were so certain was going to carry dismay and destruction into the Democratic ranks, like that one which, whether

"Aimed at duck or plover
Was sure to kick its owner over,"

has bursted in their own hands and blown their political heads off.

It is useless, however, to multiply words upon this subject. The personal friends of Governor Curtin—the associates of his life-time—the men he thought he could trust in honor, have basely tried to betray him and HAVE FAILED. Theirs be the shame and confusion of their act. The Governor's own letter which we republish from the columns of the *New York Tribune*, of Tuesday, and in which he declares boldly and broadly for Buckalew and accepts the nomination of the Liberals for the constitutional convention, puts all doubts of his position at rest.

"Now let the galled jade wince,
Our withers are unwrung."

[From Dem. Watchman, Sept. 27, 1872.]

GOV. CURTIN SPEAKS.

HIS LETTER IN FAVOR OF BUCKALEW.

OPPOSITION TO RING RULE

BUCKALEW MUST BE ELECTED.

Good for "Our Andy."

The following letter from Governor Curtin, which will ring throughout the length and breadth of the land, declaring for Buckalew and Honest Government, made its appearance in the papers of Wednesday. It is the death blow of Radicalism and sticks a knife into the throats of the plunderers and thieves who have been for so long living off the people. Read it everybody, and let its solemn utterances sink deep into the hearts of every honest patriot. The great War Governor has spoken, and his voice is for Buckalew and Reform:

(Here follows Gov. Curtin's patriotic letter, which the *Watchman* so heartily endorses. Want of space obliges us to omit the letter.)

[From Dem. Watchman, Sept. 27, 1872.]

Gov. Andrew G. Curtin will positively address the people in the Court House tomorrow (Saturday) night, on the political issues involved in the State and National campaign. As will be seen by his letter, he has declared for Buckalew, and it is said that he will declare for Greeley. Turn out, Democrats and Liberals, and let the Governor have the grandest reception he ever had in his life. People are coming from all parts of the country, and the meeting will be one of the largest ever held in Bellefonte. The Lock Haven ers are coming up in full force with their brass band and our own white band will also be out. The Democratic and Liberal clubs will parade, some five or six hundred strong, and a grand display will be made. Gov. Curtin will probably arrive here on this morning.

[From Dem. Watchman, Sept. 27, 1872.]

Retirement of Gov. Bigler in Favor of Gov. Curtin.

We this week place among the list of our delegates to the Constitutional Convention, the name of Andrew G. Curtin, who takes the position so courteously retired from by Ex-Governor Bigler. This act of Gov. Bigler gives the Liberal Republicans a representation upon the ticket with which they are so cordially allied in the person of the distinguished Ex-Minister, and will cement still more firmly the union of that party with the Democracy.

Governor Bigler's retirement from the position to which he was nominated by the State Convention, and which was one of great honor and responsibility, and one that good men seek after, is a most graceful act, and highly complimentary to Gov. Curtin, in whose favor the retirement is made. Both Bigler and Curtin are natives of Centre county, and the compliment of the one to the other is a mark of the mutual respect and esteem that exists between the two. Both Democrats and Liberal Republicans will appreciate the honorable and self-sacrificing spirit of Governor Bigler and while they will undoubtedly regret that they are not to have him to vote for this fall, they will also rejoice that his place has been so fully supplied by the substitution of the name of Andrew G. Curtin, that other distinguished son of Pennsylvania, whose manhood has so nobly asserted itself in the present great crisis in the political affairs of our State. We hail the act as an omen of the future reinstallment of honesty and reform, and honor him who so gracefully retires and him who so gallantly accepts. Henceforth let the names of Bigler and Curtin be coupled together as the embodiment of manly self-sacrifice and political honor.

[From Dem. Watchman, Sept. 27, 1872.]

Brown Damning Curtin.

The most remarkable thing connected with the Grant and Hartranft demonstration on Tuesday night, was the wild speech of Ex-Doctor Brown, who was called on to close the services. Carr, the Galesburg post master, and Gen. Todd had both spoken,—the speeches of neither of whom amounted to much,—and the crowd, not large at any time, had so scattered as to have become positively insignificant. In order to get it together again, and adjourn the thing with some sort of *eclat* and noise, Brown was requested to make some remarks on the County Ticket, and was called on by the crowd. With all due dignity, and with a self-consciousness that made all who saw him think that he felt himself to be the greatest orator in the country, the editorial interpolator of Gov. Curtin's letter, ascended the stand. Beginning with an anecdote or two, the small crowd, thinking that something good was coming, closed up its ranks to listen. Warmed by this manifestation of interest, the fiery zeal of the Ex-Doctor blazed forth in all the fury of passionate excitement, as the thought struck him that it was his duty to read Andy Curtin out of the Radical party. Seizing upon this, as the point out of which to make a sensation, he exclaimed, with all the violence of language and gesticulation for which he is so noted:

"If he (Curtin) is not for us, then he is against us, and I tell you that he is against us, and has come out for Buckalew. He has gone over to the Rebels and the Traitors, and let him go and be DAMNED DAMNED! DAMNED! ay, *doubly, trebly* DAMNED! and LET THE DEMOCRATS RECEIVE HIM WHEN HE COMES HOME!"

Such was the rough language of the editor of the *Republican* to his party friends. As might have been expected, it created a sensation, for nothwithstanding the fact that Gov. Curtin *has* come out for Buckalew, he still has hosts of friends among the Radicals, who refuse to abandon him simply because he has with them an honest difference of opinion, and they were hopping mad. The venerable and honorable AcAlister, who presided at the meeting, hung his head in shame, and when Brown closed his vituperative harangue, not a man came up to congratulate him. He left the stand unattended, not even Chairman Johnston, of the Committee, having a word of comfort for him. Brown, like that bird which defiles his own nest, was left to wallow in his filth.

The time has not yet come in Centre county or in Bellefonte when either Republican or Democrat will listen patiently or approvingly to such wholesale abuse of Andy Curtin. He is our fellow-townsman, an eminent and distinguished citizen, and abundantly able to make up his own mind on political issues. This he has done, and in coming out for Buckalew and accepting a place on the Democratic and Liberal ticket for Constitutional Convention, he has merited no abuse from any quarter whatever. He has the same right to oppose venality and corruption that any other honest citizen has, and the reason of this abuse on the part of Brown and others of that ilk, is the fear of the great influence that Gov. Curtin will wield in behalf of the Democratic ticket.

As Democrats, of course, we do not object to such speeches as Brown's. They simply put the position of Gov. Curtin beyond all possible doubt, and a few more like the one of Tuesday night, will make every personal friend of the Governor follow him over to Buckalew. So, go in.

[From Dem. Watchman, Oct. 4, 1872.]

In his speech here on Saturday night last, Gov. Curtin said that he had no QUARREL WITH DEMOCRATS. A great many of them voted for him *on the sly*, when he was a candidate, and he would now return the compliment by *going openly with them* on Tuesday next. This sentiment was loudly cheered.

[From Dem. Watchman, Oct. 4, 1872.]

Two or three weeks ago, the Radicals said that Andrew G. Curtin was the fittest man in all their party to go to Congress from this district, and they tendered him the nomination. That was before he had publicly declared for Buckalew. Now, they denounce him as a TRAITOR and a REBEL, using all the coarse and vulgar terms in their political vocabulary. But Curtin will live through it all. Ay, he will be honored and respected when his defamers are politically dead and damned.

[From Dem. Watchman, Oct. 4, 1872.]

CURTIN FOR CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

GIVE HIM EVERY VOTE.

As we stated last week, Gov. Bigler has withdrawn from the ticket, as a candidate for Constitutional Convention, in favor of Gov. Curtin, and his letter so announcing will be found in another place. Consequently the name of Gov. Curtin, appears at our mast head as one of the candidates for that most important and highly honorable position.

Now, Democrts and Liberals, let Gov. Curtin get every vote that you can poll! His former political friends here, who are now his enemies, are boasting that he has no influence and will not be able to control ten votes outside of his own. Let us show them that they are greatly mistaken by giving him a rousing majority. He is working for BUCKALEW AND REFORM in the State Government—let us work for him, and let us show by the vote we shall give him that he has not lost his influence or our respect by the many outrages he has taken. Let him have every Democratic and Liberal vote in the County and State, so that his maligners and enemies, who, two weeks ago, were willing to kiss the dust off his feet, but who are now so bitterly abusing him, may know that he is still as much a favorite in Pennsylvania as ever, and that he is supported and his hands upheld by the honest masses everywhere. Rally to his support then, and prove that the people are still the friends of Andy Curtin, as he is still their friend.

Of course, Gov. Curtin cannot be defeated. The nature of the law which provides for the election of fourteen members from each party prevents that, but we want him to have as big a vote as possible. He must not be allowed to run behind any other candidate. On the contrary, it is important that he should run ahead! There are peculiar reasons, which every Democrat and Liberal will understand why this should be so. Do your duty, then, and let Curtin's vote be one that he will be proud of, and one at which the Radicals will wonder.

(Next the *Watchman* of Oct. 4, 1872, gives a glowing account of Gov. Curtin's reception by the democracy, and the *Watchman* is in a perfect ecstacy of delight over Curtin. For want of room we omit the article.)

[From the Dem. Watchman, Oct. 11, 1872.]

"Andy Curtin—the best abused man in the State. Every foul-mouthed thief of the Cameron Ring is loud in his denunciation of Curtin—and why? Because he would not agree to vote plunder into the pockets of Simon Cameron and his gang of thieves." So says the Huntingdon *Globe*, and so say we, and so say all who are not too bigoted to see the infamous corruption in the State Government. But Curtin will be all right yet. Even his political opponents admit that he is right, and that a crisis will come, but they didn't want it to come just now! Yes, Andy Curtin is the best-abused man in the State, but one of the most honored, also.

[From the Dem. Watchman Oct. 11, 1872.]

A BITTER FIGHT.

The radicals made one of the bitterest fights here on Curtin for Constitutional Convention, that was ever made anywhere. Their idea was to make the Governor run behind the ticket, so as to prove that he no longer possessed any influence. To this end they had the Democratic ticket printed with Curtin's name out and M'Allister's in * * * * * * * and was done to insult and humiliate him. But they failed. The Governor ran *ahead* of his ticket, and the mortification of these men is extreme.

Let democrats all over the county be aware of the agents of the Cameron ring. They may be pretended democrats, and will try to secure a vote for Gramly for Assembly in order if possible to secure a vote from Centre county for Don Cameron or they may desire the votes to scratch Curtin because he is not a good democrat! Beware of them we say, for they are enemies of our party, and agents of the most corrupt ring of the most corrupt party ever in Pennsylvania.

When the Camerons fight in one direction it is the highest and most important duty of Democrats to fight in the opposite direction. The Camerons fight for plunder, and have for 20 years held their grip upon the public purse. They are now fighting to defeat Gov. Curtin for congress, because he always stood in the way of the Camerons when they wanted to plunder. Democrats, and honest tax-payers, of all parties, the most stinging rebuke you can administer to the corrupt Cameron clan, is to elect Curtin to Congress by such a majority as will teach the Winnebagoes that the people have thrown off their galling yoke.

The greenbackers elected nothing in Indiana and Ohio, and the returns show that the new party is sadly on the back-track in the west. In Ohio the republican greenbackers went back on the democratic greenbackers at the polls. We think that is what the same fellows are at in Pennsylvania.

Why should any farmer or working man refuse to vote for Adam Yearick for Treasurer? Mr. Yearick is an old citizen and farmer of our county, and there is not a more trustworthy citizen in the county. He has never before held an office, and hails from an influential democratic connection that has done the party great service in years gone by. Mr. Yearick has all his lifetime been an active democrat, and he is besides an intelligent and well read man, and possesses the business qualifications necessary for one who occupies the office of treasurer. Let every farmer and working man give his vote for honest Adam Yearick—there is not a more deserving man in the county.

The yellow fever is not abating.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Invite the people of Centre County, to an examination of their

NEW FALL STOCK,

which is now complete in every department.

We are showing a stock of

DRESS TEXTURES,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC,

which cannot be surpassed in this country.

We name below a few items only out of this immense stock:

FRENCH CASHMERES AND MERINOS,

In all the new shades and in qualities guaranteed.

ALL WOOL CASHMERES, 50c. | ALL WOOL MERINOES, 50c.
VOGEL'S CASHMERES AND MERINOS.

Excellent qualities, 40 in. wide, at 62½, 75, 80, 87½c., and $1.00.

IN BLACK GOODS

we have immense lines of

BLACK CASHMERES AND MERINOES,

numbering thousands of pieces, which will be distributed at very small advances on importation cost:

BLACK CASHMERES FROM 40c UP.
BLACK DOUBLE TWILLED MERINOS AT 45 AND 50c PER YARD.
SILK WARP HENRIETTA CLOTHS, GOOD QUALITY AT 90c.
COURTAULD'S CRAPES,
AND CRAPE VEILS,
BLACK MANTELASSES,
AND AMURES,
In new and Choice Styles.

MEDIUM AND LOW-PRICED DRESS TEXTURES,

1 CASE ALL-WOOL TARTANS, 50c. Never sold before for less than 62½
ONE CASE NOVELTIES, 37½c. Part silk and very stylish.
ONE CASE CAMELS HAIR NOVELTIES, 37½c. Extra value and very popular.
ONE CASE 36-IN. CASHMERES, 37½c. In selected colorings.
ONE LOT CLAN PLAIDS, 37½c. These goods are 27 in. wide.
1 CASE BRADFORD MOHAIRS, 37½c. In all the new shades.
ONE LOT SILK-MIXED NOVELTIES, 31c.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Octt. 17,'78.

☞ TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Ladie's Coats have arrived at Guggenheimer & Comp., Centre Hall, and will be sold cheaper than anywhere.

—Don't forget to call at Guggenheimer & Co. when you are ready to sell your clover seed, they will pay the highest market price.

—Over Coats and all other Clothing have now come in, and will be sold cheaper than any other house in the county can sell, then give Guggenheimer & Co. a call.

—Visit J. H. Krumbine's new Glass and Stoneware store, in Gift & Flory's store room. 10 oct 4t

—Hon. Alex. Jordan, formerly president judge of this district, deid at Sunbury on 5 inst.

—Go to Isaac Haupt's Store, Bellefonte, for stoves, pipe and tinware at cost. 17oct. 3t.

—Vote for John Spangler, the life-long working democrat, and who always was ready to help a friend and neighbor in any hour.

—Swab and Dunkel are patterns of good men, and all admit them to be the best men that could have been nominated for Commissioners. They are honest hard-working farmers and tax payers, who will take good care of the people's interests. Vote for Swab and Dunkel.

—The Gregg township Dill Club, meets every Sat. evening from now until election, in Grenoble's Hall. Addresses by speakers from a distance. All are invited.

—Absolutely free from Morphia and other dangerous agents Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is valued most highly as a remedy for the disorders of babyhood. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

—We clip the following from the Sumner Co., (Kas.) Democrat, of aug. 28, Mr. Wolf was formerly of Aaronsburg.

Mr. Chas. Wolf, formerly one of the proprietors of the Moreland House, while at work last Friday at threshing grain, was sun stroke. The stroke was quite a severe one, and for a time was supposed to be fatal, but under the care of Drs. Wood and West is recovering, and hopes are entertained that he will again be able to be about in a few days.

—Vote for John Spangler, for Sheriff, —he never flinched. Through victory and defeat he was always the same untiring democrat.

—Democrats of Pennsvalley, and of the entire county, should remember that upon the vote for governor this fall, the next apportionment of delegates is made for each township—one delegate for every fifty voters. Get out the vote then and gain all the delegates you can. If any district falls off in its democratic vote, it may lose one or two delegates thereby. This is important.

Get out the full democratic vote!

—J. NEWMAN, JR.—To his friends and patrons, Greeting: He comes to you this time, not for office, which is now the rage, but merely to tell you of his vast stock of Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Gloves, and everything in that line, just purchased in Philadelphia and New York, and which he is selling at prices far beyond any thing that has ever been known. He can and will sell you good goods, for less money, than any other man in this County, and defies any one to beat his prices and quality. He is selling good over coats at $2.50, winter suits at $3.50, under wear at 20 cts., boots at $1.75, and everything in proportion low. You will save not less than 15 per cent by buying from him.

—The nomination of Hon. C. T. Alexander, for Senator, is endorsed all over the district by the democracy, and his election is one of the things certain. Mr. Alexander will represent the district in the senate with ability and satisfaction to his constituents, and the democracy will have in him an active defender. Let him have the full party vote.

—Accommodation for horses at Brown's grain depot, Bellefonte, for all teams going there with grain. He pays the highest market price, and you will find him fair and square in all his dealings. Coal of all kinds always on hand, and for sale low.

—There is a great rush at the Standard Clothing Hall, people find that suits are sold so low there, and all are wishing to get a bargain. Go and price Goldman's clothing—he is determined to sell the lowest in the county, and no mistake about it. An immense stock on hand. Corner Allegheny and Bishop streets.

—If any farmer wants the highest price for his grain, let him haul it to L. L. Brown, successor to Shortlidge & Co.

—The finest lot of queensware, at Sechlers, in the Bush house block. If you want something handsome for setting your table, Sechler's is the place where you find it. Their stock of queensware is thec hoicest in the central part of the state.

—Goldman, who has established the New standard Clothing Hall, corner Bishop and Allegheny street, Bellefonte, is determined to sell clothing cheaper than any one else in the county. This he guarantees.

—Get your coffee, sugar, teas, spices, dried and canned fruit, at Sechter's, if you want a good and fresh article. They always keep the best family groceries that are in market, and you are sure of a genuine article in whatever you get. They sell at the least margin, and always deal honestly with customers. Try Sechler & Co., in the Bush house block, and you will be pleased with the quality of groceries you get, satisfied with their prices, and have the politest attention besides.

— Give the new Standard Clothing Hall, at Bellefonte, a call, where you can buy clothing cheaper than elsewhere. Goldman promises to give the best bargains.

—Grand Excursion to Philadelphia, for the benefit of the Lutheran Church, at Yeargertown, Pa., Tuesday, October 22, 1878. Good for four days. Passengers can return on any regular train within the specified time, only $5.00 for the trip. Children, half price. Regular train will leave Milroy at 8:40 a. m., connecting with train on Main Line, at Lewistown Junction, at 9:51 a. m. For further information apply to REV. S. G. SHANNON, Milroy, Pa.

In 1872 the Cameron ring sent thousands of dollars into this county to buy democratic votes, in order that the election returns might show that Gov. Curtin had no influence in his own County. Then the money was sent to the republican politicians, now the money for the same purpose is sent to —— whom?

Hopeful trutted in Chicago in 2.18¼, 2.17 and 2.16, beating Rarus and Great Eastern.

POTTER DILL CLUB,

meets in Murray's Hall, Saturday evening, 19th. Speakers from a distance will be present. Turn out, all, and hear the issues discussed.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Sec'y, J. J. ARNEY, Pres't.

—The Fair last week was not as good as last year, so far as display was concerned, with the exception of the stock department, which was better than any previous year. The department for fruit and agricultural products was meagre compared with last year, which may be attributable to the dry season, which has told upon all products of the soil. But such articles as were there were fine.

In the department for fancy goods and of home manufacture there were many empty shelves which were filled last year, and there was a notable falling off in the grange department. This lack of entries was certainly not owing to any fault of the officers of the Society, as these left nothing undone to make the fair a success, and they labored hard in that direction, and offered the best inducements to exhibitors. The people of our county were too indifferent in the matter, and failed to take that interest in our annual fair which made the one of last year such a grand success.

The attendance on Thursday was large, and came very near up to the best day of last year.

Messrs. Bunnell & Aiken had a building of their own on the ground, where they could exhibit their organs and pianos to better advantage than in the limited space of the main building. They had the best display of organs and pianos, and are doing a large business in that line.

The Singer Sewing Machine Company also had a small building for the exhibition of their machines.

—Farmers if you take your grain to L. L. Brown, near depot, Bellefonte, you will get the highest cash price. He also sells all kinds of coal at lowest prices.

—Our County Fair, last week, was a success financially, we think. On Thursday over $900 were taken in at the gate.

—The best and cheapest in the world. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup costs you only 25 cents, and if it does not cure your cough you can get your money back.

England now has a big failure, a Manchester house went up with liabilities of $10,000,000.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., October 11.—An explosion of gas last night in the Prospect mine, operated by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, and situated about one mile north of this city, killed four miners.

A religious war between the native Christian missions and native fanatics rages in China.

ATTENTION PARENTS.

Parents and others purchasing school books will bear in mind that there are three spelling or word books belonging to the new series about to be introduced in the schools of Potter township, viz: The Word Primer; Word Book; and Word Analysis. The last is intended for the first two years of school life, and is to be used by first and second year pupils. The second is for the second two years of school and to be used by 3d and 4th Reader pupils. As the 3d book will not be introduced this year, the 5th Reader scholars will also use the second book.

Those whose children read in the 1st or 2d Reader will ask for the "WORD PRIMER" when they go to buy a spelling book.

Storekeepers will make a note of this and sell the Word Primer to 1st and 2d Reader pupils, and the Word Book to 3d, 4th and 5th Reader scholars, when they ask for spelling books.

I make this statement with the permission of the Prest. of the board of directors, having learned that the most of the children of the Centre Hall primary school had to carry their spellers back to the store and get the Word Book exchanged for the Word Primer. X

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.—

God Save the Commonwealth.

I, L. W. Munson, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said county of Centre, on

Tuesday, November 5th, 1878,

it being the Tuesday following the first Monday of of November, (the polls to be opened at seven o'clock, a. and closed at seven o'clock, p. m.) at which time the Freemen of Centre county will vote by ballot for the following officers, namely:

One person for Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania.

One person for Judge of Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

One person to represent the counties of Union, Clinton, Clearfield, Elk, Mifflin and Centre in the Congress of the United States.

One person to represent the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

One person as President Judge for the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield.

Two persons to represent the county of Centre in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

One person for High Sheriff for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Treasurer for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Prothonotary and Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the county of Centre.

Three persons for the office of Commissioner for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Register and Clerk of the Orphan's Court of the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Recorder for the county of Centre.

Three persons for the office of Auditor for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Coroner for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and townships within the county of Centre, are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines, at the public house of I. D. Boyer (Aaronsburg.)

For the township of Half Moon, at the School house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for the purpose, on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter, (northern precinct) at the public house of John Spangler in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter, (southern precinct) at the public house of Mart. Leitzell, at Potters Mills.

For the township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall.

For the township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the township of Ferguson, (old precinct) in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson, (new precinct (in the school house at Baileyville.

For the township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For township of Walker, in the school house at Hublersburg.

For the township of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Show Shoe, at the school house at Snow Shoe station.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel Kline, in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the township of Huston, at the house of John Reed.

For the township of Penn, at the public house of Wm. S. Musser.

For the township of Liberty, in the school house at Eagleville.

For the borough and township of Howard, at the school house in said borough.

For the township of Worth, at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside at the house of J. K. Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union, at new school house in Unionville.

For the borough of Philipsburg in the new school house in said borough.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person, excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office, appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the legislative, executive, or judiciary department of this State or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of judge, inspector, or clerk, of any election of this commonwealth; and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bellefonte, this 2nd day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and in the seventy-eight, and in the one hundred and second year of the Independence of the United States.

L. W. MUNSON, Sheriff of Centre county.

Should the democrats of Centre county patronize any bank or other institution, although run by pretended democrats, after they become the agents of the Cameron ring to assist in the defeat of a democratic candidate for Congress?

If Curtin was good enough to make a constitution for democrats in 1872, is he not good enough to make common laws for us in 1878?

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

A REPUBLICAN LOSS IN INDIANA, OHIO AND IOWA OF AT LEAST EIGHT CONGRESSMEN.

A DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY ON JOINT BALLOT OF EIGHT IN THE INDIANA LEGISLATURE.

The victory of the democracy becomes grander as more complete returns of last weeks elections are received. The dispatches show that even Iowa, which has sent an unbroken republican delegation to congress for many years and which usually gives from 40,000 to 60,000 republican majority, has faltered, two greenback-democrats having been elected by decisive majorities and the republican majority on the state ticket having dwindled to very small proportions.

From Indiana the news is of the most cheering description, the democrats not only having carried the state ticket by a large majority but elected seven of the thirteen members of congress and obtained a clear majority in the legistature, notwithstanding the republican gerrymander with which the state has been cursed.

In Ohio the democrats have certainly elected eleven congressmen, a gain of three. The indications now are that the republican majority in the state will be less than 5,000.

In West Virginia the democrats have made a clean sweep, notwithstanding the republican and greenbackers pooled their issues. The congressional delegation is solidly and the legislature overwhelmingly democratic.

Cameron will spend thousands of dollars to defeat Curtin or reduce his majority; and persons are found in this county, who heretofore claimed to be democrats, who are willing to take his money and act as his agents. Let no honest democrat be deceived by them.

ADDRESS OF CHAIRMAN SPEER.

To the Democrats of Pennsylvania.

The command of the hour is *Forward!* The duty of the hour is prompt, earnest, thorough organization. With the result of the late state elections before us, the highway to victory is so plain that even the blind can walk in it. Let democrats worship at their own altar! Let the men who have stood by our standard through storm and hail—through defeat and disaster—strike their locks again and present an unbroken front to the common foe. Read with open eye, and consider with honest heart, the result in Ohio and Indiana. They bring you fruitful lessons.

In Indiana the democrats followed the old flag, and stood shoulder to shoulder in the shock of battle. Victory now gilds their ensign; a majority approaching twenty thousand for our state ticket, and the election of nine out of thirteen members of congress—a gain of five—and a majority in the legislature are the substantial fruits of their devotion.

In Ohio we have elected eleven members of congress, a gain of three; but, while in a pitiable minority of the whole popular vote, the republicans have elected their state ticket by a small plurality, through the folly of our own people. A sufficient number of democrats wandered into the greenback organization to secure the defeat of their old faith and the temporary success of their relentless foe. The republicans who pretended to be greenbackers betrayed their professions, and at the polls deserted their new party. And now the democrats who were misled and deceived in the consuming shame and sorrow of their betrayal awake to the truth that they have been made the instruments to perpetuate republican misrule and to defeat their old friends and cause.

Democrats of Pennsylvania, I call upon you to swear with uplifted hand that like tactics and treachery, led by corrupt men and means, shall not succeed here in November. To pause in your duty now is a crime. United, the state is ours, and the feast of Indiana will be spread upon our table. If you waste your ballot upon a third candidate the spoiler will reap the harvest and rob you of your own! Loaded with the plunder of many years, the republican managers are debauching the people, and are maintaining greenback organizations in democratic counties for the cunning purpose of dividing our forces and thus securing our defeat. Hopelessly demoralized themselves, in their utter despair, they seek to divide us. Shall the lesson of Ohio and Indiana pass unheeded? If faithful to our flag no human power can arrest our march or delay our triumph.

And why should democrats desert their party now? The evils and burdens under which the people groan are the bitter fruits of republican rule. Shall our folly perpetuate in power the authers of our woe? Or shall we not, burying minor differences, unite our forces and go forward to their overthrow? The path of duty and of safety is before us, and I summon every democrat in the state to walk in it. If any of our people have been hesitating they must now see that the only hope of success is with us. With a history dating from the birth of the nation; honored with illustrious names and deeds, the democratic party calls its wayward children back to its fold, that they may share in the joy and rejoicing of its coming victory.

R. M. SPEER, Chairman State Democratic Committee.

A vote against Curtin is a vote for his arch-enemy Cameron. No honest democrat should permit his prejudices to be made an instrument in the hands of Cameron or his agents.

MR. EDITOR REPORTER:—I was handed by a friend a copy of the *Herald*, or Greenback sheet of Bellefonte for examination, and expected to find something of worth for the poor voter, but sadly fooled. The editors *Herald* seem to be acquainted with the interests of Centre county better than any other of its editors, and even in the State, for their advice to the poor voters is to drag them in to the ditch entirely. But then an empty barrel makes more noise than a packed one. It seems to have quite a sick spell over Curtin. Examine the Clearfield *Republican* of Oct. 2, for sensible words, viz: Ex. Gov. Curtin is a volume of pure facts against corporations, etc., and predicts 5,000 majority in the district for him. The same says of Mason (the Greenback nominee for Gov.) has been the especial attorney for a score of corporations, while A. H. Dill, Dem. nominee, in his extensive law practice, never appeared for corporations. Voters consider this part well. The *Herald* has a letter signed "Penns Valley Dem," which I believe is nobody than a greenback fraud. Democrats on this side take care of themselves and always did, and vote more intelligently than the *Herald* speaks. It speaks of Cal. Harper as a boy nominee for Proth. He is quite young, but admitted by all fit for the the position in all respects, also says he has voted only once or twice; that is oftener than the Greenback nominee for Legislature on this side, as I doubt if he has voted at all; and he is to represent Centre county and the poor man's interest, when he has no more judgment than a boy has at best; beside he is no more the poor man's friend than Simon and Don, which would use him for a tool if he were to get to the Legislature. But never fear. No GREENBACK.

Watch the pretended democrats who are opposing Curtin since the nomination. They may have Cameron's money in their pockets.

THE ALLEGHENY MAIL ON CURTIN.

The Allegheny *Mail*, an independent paper, talks thus to the Cameron *Com.-Gazette* of Pittsburg:

The *Com.-Gaz.* is very bitter towards Hon. A. G. Curtin, and very indiscreetly attacks his war record, and attempts to throw discredit upon the sincerity of his loyalty. This is most unfortunate. One would think that the Cameron organ in this county would have enough to do this Fall in watching its local candidate without going abroad to interfere with the Congressional candidates in the Twentieth District. Fortunately, the people of the State do not need to be reminded of the services to the cause of the Union which make Andrew G. Curtin pre-eminent, which have endeared him to every man, woman and child, and which made his name one of the brightest and most enduring on the pages of our history. No soldier went to the field who did not feel that in Andrew G. Curtin he had a personal friend; in the midst of cares, engrossing days and nights, he never failed to answer a soldier's letter, although the executive table bent beneath the weight of his official correspondence. Many a poor fellow went to the front with a lighter heart on the assurance from the great War Governor that his family should be protected and that if he fell in battle his children should be provided for as the wards of the State. How nobly this promise was redeemed cannot be unknown to any one who is familiar with the history of Pennsylvania during the last seventeen years; nor can it be unknown to such that it was owing to Governor Curtin's untiring zeal and extraordinary energy that it was done. No other State in the Union can say, as Pennsylvania can, that the honored remains of every one of her soldiers who died in the service of the Union are buried in the soil of their own State, and that every soldier's widow and soldier's orphan who needed assistance has been cared for at her expense. Over seven thousand orphans are living witnesses of Andrew G. Curtin's performance of patriotic duty. This story, as well as that of his fulfillment of all the obligations of loyalty in the raising and equipment of troops with an enthusiasm that overrode all obstacles, is known to the whole country. There may be honest difference of opinion as to his political faith and conduct, but no attack upon the war record of Governor Curtin can be charged to any other account than ignorance or malevolence, and its motive cannot be hidden even by the ample though threadbare cloak of partisanry.

We believe there is no nomination that gives such universal satisfaction as that of Wm. E. Burchfield for re-election as Register. He has held the office three years and the people have found him both competent and obliging. He is always found at his post, and his work is performed in accordance with all the requirements of the law. The duties of that office were never more faithfully and satisfactorily discharged than under Mr. Burchfield, and he is one of the best men upon the democratic ticket.

Every democrat may support or oppose whom he pleases for a nomination, but when a nomination is once made, all good democrats will support the ticket.

MADISONBURG.—Coon hunting about over. Two weeks ago Mr. Jno. Ocker's house was robbed of meat, lard, canned fruit and other things; when the family arose in the morning they found doors open and the floor strewn with matches. Attempts were made to rob John Emerick's store, but failed. Sam'l Ziegler got minus a watch and some tobacco. Mr. Lew Roush and lady had a bad upset at the fair last week, buggy and horse rolled clean over.

Mr. G. W. Reber of Spring bank has bought a new Geiser separator, one of the best machines we ever heard of. Farmers having a crop to thresh should engage George to do it.

D. Roush, J. Grim and A. Guiser were out coon hunting last week, and got two, a third one making its escape.

GREELY.

A vote for M'Cormick is a vote for a bolter who violates his pledge to submit to the decision of the democratic convention.

—Have you a cough, then use Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey and Bloodroot, it cures all affections of the throat and lungs, such as colds, coughs, hoarseness, asthma, croup, and the earlier stages of consumption. Ask for it at your stores, or send to F. P. Green, druggist, Bellefonte, where all fresh drugs and medicines are kept.

—Rev. Finley B. Riddle, A. M., of Huntingdon, Pa., will preach in the Centre Hall M. E. Church next Friday evening, 18th. Also in Spruce town M. E. Church on Sab. eve., 20th.

There will be no preaching in the latter place on Sab. morn.

—People of Pennsvalley! Read this carefully and reflect over it! We call your attention to our SUPERIOR stock of Boots and Shoes, and especially our PRICES. If you consult your interests you will call on JOHN POWERS, Bush Arcade, Bellefonte.

We now and then hear of a democrat who is reported as wanting to scratch Mr. Spangler, the democratic nominee for Sheriff. We trust there is no ground for such reports, as Mr. Spangler has given no democrat any reason for doing such an act, He has always been an earnest, active democrat, and helped to pull through every ticket we have had for the last 18 years in this county. Then why scratch him? No good democrat will do that—it would be base ingratitude towards one of the hardest working democrats in the ranks. He made the nomination fairly, and it is the duty of every one claiming to be a democrat to stand by him.

Pennsvalley has had no Sheriff for a long time, and we trust that now when the nominee comes from this side he will get that support which we owe him.

THE CONGRESSIONAL NOMINEE.

[Lock Haven Democrat.]

Hon. Andrew G. Curtin was nominated for Congress by the Democratic Conferees of this district, as will be seen by the proceedings elsewhere in this issue. His fitness for the position is so well known that it will be universally acknowledged. His position on current affairs is such as to make him one of the most acceptable candidates in the Congressional field. He stands squarely on the Pittsburg platform, and as his greenback proclivities were freely expressed and widely known before the platform was made, and long before he thought of being a candidate for Congress, his position was taken in advance, and what he says now can in no wise be taken as assumed for the occasion, but as old convictions finding endorsement in present platforms. It is to Congress that the people must look for financial legislation and retorm. To the Congressional nominee they must therefore turn, and as Governor Curtin is abreast of the times, and will have a commanding influence in Congress, they will find him to be just the man for the place and the times, and we look for a very handsome majority in endorsement of the nomination,

Governor Curtin began to be identified with the Democratic party upon his return from Russia. Governor Bigler retired from the Constitutional Convention ticket to give place to him. In 1876 he gave Tilden and Hendricks an earnest support, and last year took the stump for Colonel Noyes and the rest of the Democratic ticket, and he took the stump this year before he was announced a candidate for Congress. He has not been in the party as long as some others, but he is in it, and has been in it longer than others when they began to share its honors. The philosophy of political changes teaches that the longer he is in the stronger he is likely to become in the faith. The Radical party is full of such cases of men drawn from our ranks, who were soon put in position and became the strongest advocates of their new alliance. Further, as we teach and claim that the opposition should drop the issues of the war and take up living issues, so should we practice what we teach, and when we get able accessions like Governor Curtin, presented and endorsed by so stalwart a Democracy as that of Centre, we should take them at their worth and give the liberal and hearty support their experience and ability deserve.

☞ The Lewisburg *Journal* says: We have heard of a number of Republicans in our borough who intend to vote for Gov. Curtin for Congress. The Greenbackers will also pretty generally support him, as his views on the financial question agree very closely with those of their leaders.

CRUSHED IN A THEATRE.

A false alarm of fire in a Liverpool theatre, on night of 11, caused the crushing to death of 37 persons and wounding of 100.

On the stairs a frightful struggle took place. Men, forgetting all their manhood, trampled over helpless women and children. The screaming of the women and the imprecations made an unearthly chorus, as of lost souls. Soon a mass of quivering and dying human beings was packed in a heap at the foot of the stairs struggling for life. They were soon suffocated, while others fell on them. Others who had passed this point were met by a barrier placed a little beyond the stairway, where dead and wounded were packed up in a pile some six or seven feet deep.

The most severe storm for fifteen years prevailed along the Massachusetts coast on Saturday. The damage to shipping is immense and there is some loss of life.

THE WICKEDNESS OF THE WEST.

Indianapolis, Oct. 12.—A dispatch to the Indianapolis News says: On Monday night seven negroes outraged four white women near Mt. Vernon, Posey county. Last night Deputy Sheriff Oscar Thomas, while attempting to arrest some of them, was killed by Daniel Williamson (colored). This morning a mob of nearly three thousand gathered, shot Williamson, hanged two others, and are preparing to hang the rest. Great excitement prevails.

YELLOW FEVER NOTES.

Yellow fever cases are on the increase in New Orleans.

The number of deaths, to date, in the fever districts, is 10,000.

In Tennessee the plague is also getting worse.

EDENBURG BURNED.

Edenburg, in Clarion county, on the morning of 13 a fire broke out which destroyed over 200 houses in the business and finest portion of the town.

MARRIED.

On the 6th inst., by Rev. W. M. Landis, Mr. Samuel Schreckengast to Miss Catherine Greninger, all of Sugar Valley.

On 19th ult. at M. E. Parsonage in Potters Mills, Pa., by Rev. W. R. Whitney, Mr. Albert A. Miller, to Miss Mary A. Kramer. All of Millheim Pa.

On 8th inst. at residence of bride, in Potters Mills, Pa. by Rev. W. R. Whitney, Mr. Henry Crawford to Mrs. Maggie Marks. All of Potters Mills, Pa.

DIED.

On the 14th, near Centre Hall, Daniel Stover, aged 64 years 5 months and 5 days Mr. Stover had been ill for the past 8 months, and was a respected citizen.

FOR THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Died, Sept. 26, of the kick of a horse, James F. Bollinger, aged 14 years, 6 months and 26 days.

Died, also, Oct. 10, Mr. David Bollinger, the father of the unfortunate boy above named, from the effects of a fall from an apple tree, aged 53 years, 7 months, and 7 days.

Both father and son were removed from time to eternity by very striking dispensations of Providence. The sorrowing family deserve the sympathy of the whole community. But what could we say to them were it not for the Bible? Open and read, afflicted sufferer of Christ. If e.s. Cast thy burden on the Lord. He will sustain thee; or, Cast thy care on him, for he cometh for you.

THE LEADING PLACE . . . GUGGENHEIMER & COMPANY!!

The Fall Season for the year 1878 is now opening and a New and EXCELLENT STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODs IS COMING IN

AT GUGGENHEIMER & CO.'S, CENTRE HALL, and which will be sold at LOWEST FIGURES. They have an immense stock and well assorted in every line. THEY HAVE

Dress Goods, Clothing, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Notions, Groceries, &c., at Lowest Prices.

IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO "PATRONIZE YOUR HOME MERCHANTS," INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY FROM HOME. GIVE US A CALL IMMEDIATELY.

GUGGENHEIMER & CO.

26sep 2m

NEWMAN. King Clothier of Centre county.

IS SELLING IS SELLING IS SELLING IS SELLING

Winter Suits $3.50. Over Coats $2.50. Underwear 20c. Boots $1.75.

AND EVERY THING ELSE LOW IN PROPORTION.

I Challenge the County to Beat my PRICES and QUALITY,

AND SHOW AS LARGE A STOCK OF CLOTHING AS I HAVE. CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER BY FIRST CLASS TAILORS AT VERY LOW PRICES

3 Oct 3m.

HARRY K. HICKS,

(Successor to T. A. Hicks & Bro.)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Putty, &c., &c.

☞ Also has the ageney of the South Bend Chilled Plow for this county.☜

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS

THE PLACE—S. & A. LOEB.

For 25 years we have been the leaders

IN LOW PRICES,

and for the same length of time have demonstrated the fact beyond dispute, and are selling all classes of goods cheaper than ever.

NOTE OUR PRICES:

SALT, $1.00 PER SACK OF 200 LBS.
SALT, $1.50 PER BARREL OF 280 LBS.
UNBLEACHED MUSLINS AT 5 CENTS PER YD.
DRESS GOODS AT 8 CENTS PER YD.
ALPACAS AT 15 CENTS PER YARD.
LADIES MOROCCO BOOTS AT $1.25.
MEN'S BOOTS FOR TWO DOLLARS.
LADIES BLACK COATS as LOW as $2.50.
With an assortment never equalled in this county.
BLACK all WOOL CASHMERES at 50c

We carry the largest and cheapest stock of Clothing in Centre county—see our goods before purchasing.

VALENTINES & CO.

THE LARGEST DEALERS IN

-DRY GOODS,-

GROCERIES,

NOTIONS,

CLOTHING,

&c., &c., IN CENTRE COUNTY.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

England seems to be getting in distress, and is on the eve of going to war besides.

Spring Mills Market.

—Old wheat 90, new 90.
No 2 wheat 85
Rye, 45c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, .40c
Oats, 22c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed, $3.00 to $3.75
Chop, per ton, $23.00.
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Flour, per bbl $5.00
Butter, 15c.
Tallow, 7c.
Hams 12c.
Shoulders 8c.
Sides 8c.
Rags, 2c.
Eggs per doz., 15c.
Tub washed wool 35c,

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—

Estate of Ezra D. Brisbin, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, made in the matter of the partition of the Real Estate of said decedent, the undersigned, Trustee appointed by said order, will expose to sale by public vendue or outcery, on the premises near

BOALSBURG, SATURDAY, OCT. 19,

the following described REAL ESTATE, late of said Ezra D. Brisbin, viz:

No. 1. A Valuable Farm, situate in Harris township, adjoining lands of Geo. Fortney, B. F. Brown, Daniel Musser, and others, containing about

One Hundred and Fifty Acres,

more or less, all under cultivation; thereon erected a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, a log Barn and other outbuildings. There is a good ORCHARD on the premises and several NEVER-FAILING SPRINGS OF EXCELLENT WATER, convenient to house and barn. The farm is just on the outskirts of Boalsburg, in close proximity to schools and churches, etc.

No. 2. The undivided half of a tract of MOUNAIN LAND, in the township of Harris, adjoining lands of Moses Thompson, Jonathan Tressler, Robert Galbraith and others, containing about thirty-eight and three-fourths acres.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash upon confirmation of sale, balance in one and two years, with interest, to be secured by bonds and mortgage upon the premises. Sale to begin at 1 o'clock, p. m.

DAVID KELLER, Trustee to Sell, etc.

sep26

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

By order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, the following described property of W. W. Love, deceased, situate in Potter twp., Centre county, will be offered at public sale, on Friday, Oct. 18: One FARM containing

103 ACRES, more or less;

bounded by lands of John Stoner on the west; on the north by lands of Jacob Strohm; on the east by lands of From's heirs; south by lands of William Rishel and others. The farm is well watered, a never-failing spring of cold limestone water near the house, also a well of never failing water at the barn, with good pump in it; large cistern at the house. Improvements: A large TWO-STORY HOUSE, with kitchen and wash-house attached, a FRAME BANK BARN, 80 by 45 feet, with horse-power shed attached. A good frame wagon shed and corn house, 40 by 20 feet, pig pen and wood house.

A Bearing Orchard of Choice Fruit on the premises.

This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain and grass, nearly all limestone land. It is within one-half mile of two churches, school house, post office, store and blacksmith shops. Also a tract of good TIMBERLAND, situated on Tussey mountain, bounded by lands of S. Wingert, Andy Jordan and John Allen, containing 83 ACRES, more or less. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m., when terms will be made known.

JANE LOVE, G. M. BOAL, Administrators.

19 sept

PRIVATE SALE.—A CHOICE FARM AND HOUSE AND LOT.

—The following described property, of John Emmert, dec'd, situate in Harris twp., Centre county, one FARM, containing one hundred and thirty-three acres, more or less, bounded by lands of B. Everhart, dec'd, James Glenn, McFarlen, Dr. Henderson, dec'd, and others, is offered at private sale. The farm is well watered, a never failing stream of water running through the farm and within thirty yards of the barn, also, a well of never-failing water at the house, with good pump in it. The improvements are a large FRAME HOUSE, two stories high, almost new, a FRAME BANK BARN, forty-five by eighty feet and all other necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain; is all limestone land. A large ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.

For particulars inquire of Wm. Wertz on the farm.

Also one HOUSE and LOT situated in Boalsburg, Centre county, the house is 2 stories high, with kitchen attached to it, and all necessary outbuildings, also a good stable, a never failing well of water with good pump. The lot is well set with fruit trees of best quality.

Also 2 acres and 123 perches of excellent land situated near the German Reformed church in Boalsburg, within two squares of above house.

JOSIAH NEFF, Executor of J. Emmert, dec'd. Sept 5 tf

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth,
At the
BISHOP STREET BAKERY,
is now making the very best
BREAD, CAKES AND PIES,
in Bellefonte.
Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An Excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me. ALBERT KAUTH. 39y1

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE:—

Will be sold by order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on

Saturday, November 2d, 1878,

the property of George Harpster, dec'd, to wit: No. 1, Bounded south by lands of David Stover, east by lands of Jacob Arney, north by lands of Henry Witmer, west by road, containing TWO ACRES, and Sixty five perches. No. 2, bounded south by lot of D. K. Geis, east by an alley, north by lot of Fred Kurtz, west by turnpike road. Thereon erected a DWELLING HOUSE, Wash and Wood house, Stable, and other outbuildings. Fruit of all kinds on the Lot.

Conditions of Sale will be one half of the purchase money on confirmation of sale, the balance in one year thereafter, to be secured on the premises. Sale to commence at one o'clock, p. m. of said day when due attendance will be given by

JOHN SHANNON, Adm'r.

10 oct

A FARM FOR SALE!

The following property will be exposed at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, OCT. 25th, 1878, at the residence of George Frederick, dec'd, in Gregg Township, a Farm containing

ONE HUNDRED ACRES,

more or less; is well watered, besides a never-failing stream running near the buildings, water is brought to the house in pipes; also a two-story DWELLING HOUSE, Barn and other outbuildings; also sufficient Orchard of apple and other fruit. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m., when terms will be made known by

SAM'L GRAMLY, Administrator.

Spring Mills, Pa.,

GRAIN HOUSE AND COAL YARD.

J. D. LONG'S

New Grain House is Now Ready for The Reception of WHEAT,

at the HIGHEST CASH PRICE and the BEST COAL in Market sold at the very lowest price.

Hides! Hides!

Bring your Hides and receive the Highest Price for them.

I also keep for sale UPPERS, KIPS, CALF SKINS, and SOLE LEATHER at lowest prices.

Also a full line of

Harness, Saddles, Collars, Bridles, Halters, Whips, etc.

at the very Lowest Prices.

10oct 3m

NEW

Grocery and Confectionery,

AT CENTRE HALL.

The undersigned has opened a new Grocery and Confectionery, and will always keep a full line of goods, at lowest possible prices, and kindly asks a share of the public patronage. His stock consists of

COFFEES, SUGERS, TEAS, SYRYPS, SOAPS, SALT.

All k

Color of the Sea.

How few there are who realize that the ocean is aught else than a raging mass of welterings more or less lashed by storms, to be regarded only with dread, and avoided with aversion! How many gain from it but one or two one-sided impressions! To one the sea is always blue; somehow that idea early fixed itself in his mind, and he has never cared to observe further and revise a first partial impression. To another it always looks green. Nothing more fairly indicates the exceedingly limited habits of observation of the average mind in matters out of its beat than the excessively meager notions which many have of the sea, even after repeated familiarity with it, as in the case of those who cannot plead the excuse of sea-sickness for their ignorance. How few there are who fully appreciate the matchless suggestiveness of that Homeric passage—"The innumerable smiles of the many-voiced sea?" That line only touches on the countless aspects of ocean, and yet it is the finest definition of the sea in the whole range of literature.

Take, for example, the question of color alluded to above: The sea is like a vast kaleidoscope representing in many combinations all the colors of the rainbow; it is not impossible to imagine, that, if one were at a sufficient height above the sea, and endowed with the condor's keenness of vision, the round disk of the sea might at once present all those hues to him as in a kaleidoscope; as things are, however, it is not often that one sees more than two or three tints at once, except during a sunset of unusual magnificence, when the reflections are very varied. I remember a sunset during a calm preceding a storm, when the sky was festooned with the pomp and splendor of every variety of cloud; the hues and cloud-forms were nearly equally divided from zenith to horizon in four distinct types of form and color, and the corresponding reflections on the sullen swell of the sea were awful in their dread and varied magnificence. But if such scenes are rare, it is not at all uncommon to see half the ocean a deep purple toward one-half the horizon, dark-viridian green in the opposite direction, especially toward evening or early morning, and this regardless of reflections, at a time when the surface is so broken as to be filled with local color. And after all, it is the local color more than the reflections which is meant when we speak of the color of the water, although in an artistic sense both have a significance. As sea the color is not only a form of beauty conveying pleasure to the mind, but also has a use, like everything beautiful in nature. As a rule, light green indicates shoal water, the lighter the tint the more shallow the depth. The local color is ascertainable by looking down rather than on the surface. Dark-blue water is a sign of great depth—"no soundings," as goes the technical phrase. But, if one looks at blue water at a distance, it is then found to be a very dark green when analyzed and separated from the reflections, which it is sometimes very difficult to do, especially in gray, lowering weather, when the sea is found to give the impression of a sort of leaden purple-gray. But after very careful observation through a long, narrow tube, in order that no conflicting rays of light might disturb the vision, I am convinced that, even in the deepest water, the basal color is some tint of green. In the Bahamas, and among coral islands in general, where the bottom is a white sand and the water of little depth, it is found to be of the most brilliant exquisite green, ranging from emerald to the lightest tints of malachite. It is impossible to overstate the vividness of the colors in those waters, and almost as impossible to try to reproduce them on canvas; for, to one who has never seen them, the artist so daring as to reproduce those colors would be considered stark mad. The red is scarcely less vivid in the West India waters, being the complementary color of green, and, wherever a rock near the surface or a cloud shadow obscures the green tint, red is immediately produced, and even the cloudless sky at mid-day is also a soft rose-color. By this means the sponge-fishermen and wreckers are able to navigate their sloops about through the most intricate reefs, which are indicated by purple patches as clearly as on a chart. The Bermudas present similar colors, but with less vividness.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Moths in Furniture.

Taken as a whole, throughout the country, housekeepers suffer more annoyance and destruction of furniture, carpets and woolen garments by moths than from any other pest. The little red ant is a great nuisance in some localities, but it is not destructive and not very prevalent. Moths are universal, and whole sets of costly upholstered furniture fade away, losing their beauty and substance, even after days, weeks and months of watching, beating, and picking with painstaking care. Latterly, establishments have been opened in leading cities to kill moths. First it was done by removing the upholstery from the wood and thoroughly baking it. More recently liquid preparations have been used. But the necessity of transporting furniture to these establishments, and the large expense, have been serious obstacles. Some parties advertise to sell a moth-killing secret for a certain sum of money. We are happy in being able to announce to the readers of the *American Agriculturist* an easy, simple process, that we have tried the past season, with what appears to be a complete success. (We mentioned it to a furniture dealer and repairer, and he said he had practiced it for some time, and that it was a sort of "trade secret.")

The Process: A set of furniture that seemed to be alive with the larvæ, from the month it came new, and from which hundreds of these pests had been picked and brushed, was set into a room by itself. Three gallons of benzine were purchased at thirty cents a gallon, retail. Using a small watering pot, with a fine rose sprinkler, the whole upholstery was saturated through and through with the benzine. *Result:* Every moth, larvæ and egg was killed. The benzine dried out in a few hours, and its entire odor disappeared in three or four days. Not the slightest harm happened to the varnish, or wood, or fabrics, or hair stuffing. That was months ago, and not a sign of a moth has since appeared. The carpets were also well sprinkled all round the sides of the rooms with equally good effect. To have known this two years ago, would have been worth at least fifty dollars in the saving to a single set of furniture, and would have saved many days of most annoying labor. For furs, flannels, indeed all woolen articles containing moths, benzine is most valuable. Put them in a box, sprinkle them with benzine, close the box tightly, and in a day or two the pests will be exterminated, and the benzine will all evaporate on opening.

Caution: Benzine, in fluid or vapor form, is very inflammable; therefore, when using it, have no fire or burning light in the room—not even a match on the floor to be trod on. With this precaution it is safe. With the windows open, its odor even will soon disappear. —*American Agriculturist.*

Caucasian Greetings.

The etiquette of salutation in the Caucasus is extremely elaborate and ceremonious. It does not by any means satisfy all the requirements of perfect courtesy to ask a mountaineer how he is, or how his health is, or how he does. You must inquire minutely into the details of his domestic economy, manifest the liveliest interest in the growth of his crops and the welfare of his sheep, and even express a cordial hope that his house is in a good state of repair and his horses and cattle properly protected from any possible inclemency of weather. Furthermore, you must always adapt your greeting to time, place and circumstances, and be prepared to improvise a new, graceful and appropriate salutation to meet any extraordinary exigence. In the morning a mountaineer greets another with: "May your morning be bright!" to which the prompt rejoinder is: "And may a sunny day never pass you by!" A guest he welcomes with: "May your coming bring joy!" and the guest replies: "May a blessing rest upon you."

In the Philippines.

Thickly grouped before the church porch and around the building, the men, lithe, middle-aged and ruddy-brown of various shades, are dressed, if of the better sort, in loose shirts or blouses, home-manufactured from the finest fiber of the "abaca," or Manila hemp, as the plant (really a sterile variety of the ordinary fruit-bearing banana) is called; or, more delicate yet, from "pina," the pineapple leaf texture, airy as the choicest lace, the peculiar workmanship of the Philippines. White, or light yellow, and interwoven sometimes with flower-patterns, more generally with brilliant stripes of Chinese silk, red, yellow, green or blue, the "baro," or blouse, is an essentially national dress, though in the neighborhood of Manila modified too often into an uncouth resemblance of a European shirt. Beneath it a pair of white or light-colored trousers are belted round the waist; the feet, usually bare, or protected by sandals at most, are, on occasions like this, not seldom incased in patent-leather boots of Spanish fashion; the head is protected by the "salaoct," a round, mushroom-like hat, of about a foot in diameter, close plaited in gray and black intersecting patterns of tough "nito" or liana fiber; the circumference tastefully ornamented with silver bands and flowerets, an excellent and picturesque sunshade, all exchanged, though, happily, but seldom, for the European hat of silk or straw. The poorer classes wear a like dress, but of coarser materials, in which red or orange commonly predominate, and on the head a "salaoct" devoid of ornament. But while the men's attire, though national in the main, shows occasional tokens of European influence, the women, with wise conservatism, retain their graceful Malay costume unaltered as of old. Wrapped in the many colored folds of the silken "saya," or "sarong," and over it a second, but narrower, waistcloth, also of silk, reaching down to the knees, and dark in hue; her breast and shoulders covered with delicate "pina" texture, while the matchless abundance of her raven hair ripples from under a white snooded kerchief far down her back, not seldom to her very heels, a Malay woman could hardly, even did she wish it, improve on the toilet bequeathed by her ancestors. Silver or gold ornaments are not much in feminine use. It is true that the Malay type of face is generally too flat for regular beauty, and the eye, though larger than the Chinese, is seldom full-sized; but many of the younger women are decidedly pretty, a few lovely, and a habitual look of smiling good-nature goes far to render pleasing the less nature-favored faces. Their complexion is a clear brown, sometimes hardly darker than that of an ordinary south European brunette. Children, absolutely naked, or with a light and scanty shirt for sole covering, mix fearlessly but quietly in the throng; early trained by precept and example to good manners, they show less disposition to noise and mischief than is ordinary elsewhere at their age. Such are the festival-makers.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

An Ingenious Jewel Trick.

For six years past a pair of adroit scoundrels have been working the "empress' jewels" trick in Spain with great success. They would write to a merchant in Paris, that after the revolution of 1870 the Empress Eugene intrusted one of them with $1,600,000 worth of jewels to be carried to Madrid, which he had buried in the Bois de Bologne. He was in prison for debt, and could not get back to France, and to make matters worse, a rapacious landlord had seized his trunk in which was the map on which the spot where the treasure was buried was marked with a red cross. In this cruel dilemma he applied to the French merchant, whom he had heard spoken of as a model of prudence and probity, to help him by sending the rapacious landlord 500 francs, and so getting possession of the trunk. The French merchant would then dig up the jewels and notes—for there were $300,000 in bank bills in the buried box—and send them to the prisoner, retaining the money he had advanced, and what ever sum he desired as recompense for his good action. A great many honest merchants sent on their 500 francs, and in due course received advices from the Madrid office of the Messajerias entra Espans y Francia that a trunk had been deposited there, which would be forwarded on payment of express charges. The honest merchant sent on the money, and that was the last of it. Sometimes, instead of being a French officer, it was an aide-de-camp of Queen Isabella, arrested for plotting for the restoration of King Amadeus, who knew where the queen's jewels were; sometimes it was one of Don Carlos' aids, sometimes a Turkish pasha. At last, however, the swindlers were run to earth, and now the Parisian authorities have advertised for evidence against them, which is forthcoming in such abundance as to show that the swindle has been very widely worked and very generally successful.

The Longest Name on Record.

About the beginning of the present century a New England sea captain having some business at a public office, which required him to sign his name, was rather bedilous in performing the operation, which did not escape the observation of the officer, who was a little impatient at the delay, and curious withal to see what sort of a name it could be that required so long a time to spread it upon paper. Perhaps the captain had a long string of titles to grace it, such as honorable, esquire, colonel of militia, selectman of the town of ——, etc., which he chose to make an ostentatious parade of; or perhaps it was his whim to subscribe the place of his nativity and that of his residence, together with his age, height and complexion. He was mistaken; for the captain had subscribed nothing but simply his name, which, when he had done, the officer, after some trouble in deciphering, found to read thus: Through-Much Tribulation-We-Enter-Into-the-Kingdom-of-Heaven Clapp. "Will you please to tell me, Captain Clapp," said he, with as demure a face as his violent inclination to indulge in a hearty laugh would allow him to put on, "what might your mother have called you in your infancy, to save herself the trouble of repeating a sermon whenever she had occasion to name her darling?" "Why, sir," replied Captain Clapp, with laughable simplicity, "when I was little they used to call me Tribby, for shortness."

Public Debt of the United States.

An analysis of the public debt of the United States, from July 1, 1860, to July 1, 1878, has been prepared at the treasury department, Washington, D. C., from which we extract the following:

Year.	Total interest-bearing debt.	Annual interest charge.
1860	$64,640,838 11	$3,443,687 47
1861	90,580,873 98	5,091,680 32
1862	524,594,794 70	22,040,993 70
1863	707,531,634 17	41,854,148 91
1864	1,359,980,763 50	78,853,487 90
1865	2,221,311,918 21	137,742,617 12
1865—Aug. 31	2,3 1,533,294 96	150,977,657 24
1866	2,332,331,207 60	146,068,196 18
1867	2,248,087,387 66	139,252,451 95
1868	2,2?2,288,727 63	128,459,594 94
1869	2,162,050,522 39	125,523,998 43
1870	2,046,455,722 39	118,784,950 94
1871	1,934,606,750 06	111,943,330 05
1872	1,814,794,160 00	103,288,453 00
1873	1,710,483,950 00	98,049,864 05
1874	1,708,930,750 00	95,706,004 00
1875	1,722,676,300 00	96,?55,600 50
1876	1,710,685,450 00	95,104,269 86
1877	1,?00,881,850 00	93,16?,6?0 00
1878	1,794,?35,650 00	94,664,472 50

A Mother's Influence.

The late Thomas H. Benton, who was so long in public life and surrounded by temptations, paid the following tribute to his mother: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I have not; and I cannot tell who is winning or who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute it to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all the time I owe to my mother."

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

News and Notes About Women.

If names go for anything the sweetest girl in America is Miss Saccharissa Sorghum, of Kokomo, Ind.

Hand-painted buttons are a novelty. Ladies industriously inclined, buy the plain flat buttons and paint them to suit the costume for which they are intended.

Smooth hair is just now the distinguishing feature of Parisian beauties. It is very trying to plain faces, and unless particularly young and pretty, ladies do not adopt it.

Miss Belle Caldwell, a graduate of the Wheeling (W. Va.) Female college, class of 1877, and a teacher for the last year in that institution, has just gone out as a missionary to Bangkok, Siam.

The princess royal of England and crown princess of Germany is a model of thrift. She blows out superfluous wax candles with her royal lips, has her children's dresses turned and dyed, and locks up delicacies where the servants cannot get at them.

Mrs. Julia C. R. Door, of Rutland, Vt., has received the personal thanks of King Alfonso, of Spain, for her sonnet on the late Queen Mercedes, which appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* and was translated into Spanish by order of the Spanish minister at Washington.

Mrs. Julia Corson, of New York, whose efforts to instruct poor people in the methods of making palatable dishes from cheap materials of food have been persistent and untiring, proposes to extend her field so as to include the whole country, and has addressed a petition to the national commissioner of education, asking him to issue a circular to his agents in the South and West, directing them to give information concerning the local style of cooking and the ingredients and receipts in any local dishes. The request has been complied with.

A curious lawsuit has just been decided in Paris. Prince Galitzin, a well-known man about town, wished to marry, and asked his mother to find a wife for him. She called in a woman who made a specialty of arranging marriages, who labored for eighteen months to find a suitable partner for the prince, but failed. She then applied for the pay which the prince's mother had promised, but the latter refused on the ground that the other had not been successful. The end was a lawsuit against the mother for $1,200 but the jury gave her only $100.

Encouragement of Natural Beauty.

A London medical journal of high authority says that efforts are making by a number of women of prominence to form a "School of Beauty" in England, the members pledging themselves to do everything in their power to render themselves comely by natural means. Prizes are to be given to those who can move with ease and grace, and so furnish evidence of good health and physical unconstrainment. Something of this kind is needed here, remarks an exchange. Although American women have, to a great extent, seen the folly and ugliness of lacing and going thinly clad in cold weather, there are still many who think an absurdly-small waist attractive, and any number that so pinch their feet that they cannot walk comfortably or becomingly.

They do these ridiculous things generally because they imagine that men admire them. If men have done so, they do so no longer. They prefer healthy and graceful women to invalid and awkward ones, as all women must be who cramp their waists, wear shoes too small, or dress in any way which interfere with their freedom and satisfaction. Nature and beauty are one. No woman can be beautiful who fetters or hinders nature. The more nearly she approaches the natural the closer she comes to loveliness. Women have heard such a thousand times, and accept it mentally. Yet in their blind worship of false gods, they sacrifice themselves to infirmity and deformity. It is entirely incomprehensible to men that so many women will endure pain and incur disease from a mistaken notion of beauty.

Fashion Notes.

Gold braids and gold embroideries are to be revived.

Lace mitts are worn at the moment on all occasions.

The new fashionable shade is called "lees of wine." It is used in combination of satin with velvet.

Garnet bead trimmings are new and very fashionable. They are used on bonnets, as well as dresses, and also on cloth mantles.

Black enamel balls, made to fit over solitaire ear-rings, are worn by ladies as a safeguard to their jewels when they don't care to have them seen.

The large black "Reynolds" hat is all the rage among ladies of picturesque and artistic taste. But it requires a handsome brunette face and striking form to do it justice.

Thick black ruches are fashionably worn around the throat without any intermixture of white. They are made of kilt-plaited thread lace and ruching of crepe lisse, and are not only attached to black dresses, but are worn around the throat as dog collars.

A Fight Between a Hindoo and a Tiger.

The man wore no clothing except coarse linen trowsers, and was armed with a ponderous knife and a small conical shield. The travelers accompanied him to the lair of the animal. As soon as we reached the spot the man boldly leaped into the hollow, at the same time uttering a shrill cry, in order to arouse his enemy from his slumbers. Upon seeing its resolute aggressor advancing, the animal raised itself upon its fore legs with a terrific howl.

As the little Hindoo continued to approach, which he did slowly, and with dark eyes keenly fixed upon the face of his formidable foe, the tiger rose to its full height and began to lash its sides furiously with its tail; yet it evidently appeared to be in a state of great embarrassment. Still the man advanced deliberately and undauntedly; the uneasiness and rage of the excited beast increased with every step. At length it crouched, evidently with a determination to make its terrible spring.

The man suddenly stopped, when the tiger paused, turned up its head, and, uttering a horrible noise between a snarl and a howl, made one step forward and sprang toward its victim, who instantly bent his body, receiving the animal's paws upon his shield, dashed the knife into its body, and fell under, but almost entirely beyond the extremities of his wounded enemy. The creature turned upon his back, the little Hindoo regained his feet in an instant, striking the prostrate tiger with astonishing quickness and precision a desperate blow upon the throat, which completely severed the windpipe, at the same moment springing with the quickness of thought beyond the reach of the monster's claws. The tiger died almost immediately.

Rattlesnake's Bites.

As to the remedies for the bite of the rattlesnake, a physician in western Pennsylvania says that whisky is a specific. He treats twenty or thirty persons a year for rattlesnake bites. The bites rarely prove fatal when whisky is used in season. The rattlesnake always strikes at the neck, or as high up as he can get. In experiments in Indianapolis every animal put into the snake's cage was struck in the neck. The snake's fang makes a very small wound, and but little blood escapes. Inflammation sets in at once. The animal struck seems to suffer very little pain, but to be rather in a stupefied condition. Human beings are said to suffer acute pain from the wound. It is not known whether or not the rattlesnake poisons the animals that it desires for food, but it is known that it can swallow its own poison with impunity. It is said also that a human being may swallow rattlesnake poison with perfect safety if there is no wound about the mouth. There is one animal invulnerable so far as the rattlesnake is concerned, and that is the hog. The hog wages war upon all snakes, innocent and poisonous, and destroys them with eagerness.

CURIOSITIES OF JOURNALISM.

A Few of the Blunders that Have Been Made in Journalism.

Having been engaged in journalism, off and on, for the past twenty-seven years, I have taken some pleasure now and then in collecting a variety of curious errors which have occurred during that time in the leading papers in the United States and elsewhere. The most common (and unavoidable) class of errors is that arising from mistakes in punctuation; and next in order, errors resulting from defective orthography. Hardly a newspaper in the world, of account, is there that has not suffered in this way, and, as a general thing, the errors most infernal to the editor, but funny to his readers, are to be met with in the most influential and best circulated sheets. This fact is easily accounted for, a great deal of the late matter of a morning paper finding its rapid way into the columns without the knowledge of that unfortunate enemy of "blacksmiths," the proof-reader. In the first place, I will present a few of these oft-occurring errors—the results of defective punctuation. Some twenty-one years ago I cut the following from the advertising columns of the New York *Herald*:

"HOUSEKEEPER—A highly respectable middle-aged woman, of economical habits, who has been filling the above situation for upward of eleven years, and who is now deceased, is anxious to meet with a similar one."

"These lines were written nearly fifty years ago by one who has for several years lain in the grave for his own amusement."

This combination of defective punctuation and grammatical impurities is not entirely confined to the advertising columns of newspapers. Reporters, who ought not to, are constantly making their department ridiculous by such startling announcements as follows, in an account of a steamboat explosion:

"The captain swam ashore, and subsequently saved the life of the stewardess; she was insured for $15,000, and was full of railroad iron."

Joe Howard, author of the "bogus proclamation" of Lincoln, formerly of the New York *Times*, and now of the *Herald*, wrote of the Bill Poole obsequies in New York, in 1855: "The procession was very fine, as was also the sermon of the minister." He afterward inserted after a word fine (by a caret), "and nearly two miles in length"—forgetting that this addition would also refer to the sermon. The pronouns are the source of vexatious *contretemps*, and I select two at random from my scrapbook:

"During the storm a cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf seven days old."

"During the celebration a child was run over, wearing a short, red dress, which never spoke afterward."

Persons unaccustomed to advertising phraseology frequently express themselves in language liable to exceedingly absurd misinterpretation. Thus, in "Situations Wanted," read that a "respectable young woman wants washing;" the proprietor of a bone mill advertises that "parties sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with fidelity and dispatch."

A miller, in a testimonial to the merits of a powder for destroying vermin, writes: "Two weeks ago I was full of rats, and now I haven't one."

The next most common class of errors is that resulting from mistakes of orthography. Thus, upon a gala occasion at Rochester, N. Y., in 1859, Mrs. Stanton declaimed against what she termed "white males." But the next morning the *Democrat* had it "white mules."

In Mr. Curtis' oration of the unveiling of the Sedgwick monument, at West Point, some years ago, he used the familiar quotation, "*Ubi libertas ibi patria*" (where liberty is there is my country). Imagine the astonishment of the cultivated author of "Prue and I," when perusing his address in the *Standard* the next morning to meet, "You be *libertas*, I be *patria*."

A most villainous kind of newspaper error is that which results occasionally from a mixing up of two or more articles. One of the most provoking of the kind appeared in Senator Anthony's newspaper, the Providence *Daily Journal*, in 1853, and resulted from a mixing up of two articles (for which an old tramp named Ned Angell secured his walking papers), which raised a dreadful commotion the next day throughout the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. The articles mixed up were the announcement of the departure for Europe of a prominent and beloved pastor of C——Church and a description of the peculiar movements of a dog affected with hydrophobia. As it appeared in the *Journal*:

"The Rev. Mr. R——, after many years of faithful service in the cause of Christ, will take his departure from us on Tuesday, so as to take the Collins steamer Arctic, which leaves New York on Thursday. Mr. R—— has for a long time been in ill-health, a fact which has for some time been painfully realized by the members of his congregation. So they resolved upon a European trip for their beloved pastor, and on Saturday made him acquainted with the delightful fact. Accompanying the report of the committee was a nicely filled purse, which was placed at the disposal of the pastor, who, after thanking them, made a run down South street as far as Planet, then up Planet to Benefit street, where he was caught by some boys, who tied a tin pail to his tail. Away he went again, up Benefit staeet and down College, at the foot of which he was shot by a policeman."

Is it to be wondered at that such an item raised Ned out of his situation?—*Ben C. Truman in Boston Courier.*

Most Wonderful Railroad in the World.

The Callao, Lima and Oroya railroad, generally known as the Oroya railroad, now the Transandine railroad, is probably the most wonderful railroad in existence, according to so good an authority as the *Railway Age*. It was contracted for by Henry Meiggs in 1869, at a cost of $21,804,000, or $27,000,000 in bonds. Work was begun in January, 1870. Ballasted with cobble-stones, no dust arises; trains every half hour; fare forty cents; four separate depots accommodate different parts of the city. No one who makes a round trip on this road ever repents it, and seldom desires a second. The heights and distances are so great that few heads are not affected.

From San Mateo to Anchi the road passes through the "Infernillos" (Little Hill). Nearly perpendicular walls from two to three thousand feet hem in the river Rimac, having a width of from two to four hundred feet. At first, it was proposed to make a cut in the side of these mountains, but, fearing the falling of loose rocks, it was decided to tunnel. Miners were let down with ropes, one-quarter and one-half mile long, to certain indicated points on the rocky wall every 500 feet, more or less, and, after they had entered a few feet, began working to the right and left, using the entrance as a place from whence to throw the excavated material. About midway a bend in the river made it necessary either to make a dangerous curve or span the chasm. The latter was chosen, and now a bridge unites the tunnel about four hundred feet above the river bed. Emerging from the second of these tunnels at Anchi, the Rimac is recrossed, and the road follows up the river Blanco a few miles, which it crosses, and then enters a mountain, where it turns around in a curved tunnel, and, emerging a few hundred feet above, recrosses the river and returns, passes Anchi and continues up the river Rimac. At Chicla, a few miles further, the road passes the town, crosses its own track and the Rimac, turns and passes again, and, reversing, turns and again doubles on itself, having passed Chicla five times.

The view from the summit, 15,568 feet, at the entrance to the Galera tunnel, is not so imposing as at other points. A plateau of a few miles square, with lakelets and patches of snow and surrounded by peaks, many covered with snow, is all one sees. But the oppression of breathing, the quickened pulse, 130 to 140 per minute, the dull, dizzy head, the cold, frosty air, make an impression one never forgets.

THE BARON BELA.

Strange Ruse of a Hungarian Nobleman whose Life was Heavily Insured.

Several years ago a Hungarian nobleman, well known in sporting circles as a horseman and hunter, named Baron Bela Olnyi, triumphed over a crowd of rivals, and bore home as his bride the rich and beautiful baroness, Irma P——yi. Baron Bela was at that time a wealthy landed proprietor, and was able to indulge to the full all his inclinations and whims. His married life was a happy one. Years followed one after the other, but they were not all alike. The beautiful baroness, as time wore on, presented her spouse with six of the dearest little barons and baronesses that ever were seen, and Baron Bela began to dabble in speculations. It was the old, old story, that has been repeated a thousand times. Toward the end of 1874, the baron's vast possessions, which were worth nearly two millions, had been sold, and the family mansion in Pesth was mortgaged to its last brick. Of all this the fair baroness was kept in complete ignorance, and the family establishment was maintained in its usual style.

When the baron realized that he was completely ruined; and that all that was left was his wife's property, which could not be touched, he formed a singular resolution. He got his life insured in five different companies for one hundred thousand gulden in each, the terms being that this amount should be paid over to his family in case he should die within a year. None of the insurance companies objected to pocketing the premium of two thousand florins from a man just forty-five years of age, in the full vigor of life and in exuberant health.

The day, however, Baron Bela had the last policy in his pocket, he entered upon an entirely different course of life. He had been a man who never missed a race or a hunt, who went to the club every day, and regularly took his drive or ride on horseback in the park; now he was to be seen nowhere in company, not even by his dearest friends. Nor did he remain at home in the bosom of his family. He left his house every morning early, and only returned in time for dinner. After dinner he disappeared again, and remained absent often until midnight. During this time nobody knew where he kept himself secluded.

The change in his external appearance was not less remarkable. He had previously been getting rather stout. He now began to lose flesh. His cheeks, which had been florid, changed to an unhealthy paleness, his eyes lost their brightness and were surrounded with heavy circles of blue, his face became haggard, and his strong manly voice became cracked and feeble. When these symptoms of dangerous disease multiplied in such a striking manner, the friends that occasionally visited him and his wife endeavored to persuade him to take medical advice, and to explain his mysterious absences. His answer was a positive refusal. Finally, in October, the physical constitution, once so strong, could no longer withstand the agency so potent for evil which was undermining it, and Baron Bela was compelled to take to his bed. Physicians were called in. They shook their heads ominously, and declared that it was a case of galloping consumption; that the disease had already reached a stage in which all human aid was in vain. Hardly fourteen days later, the sufferings of the poor baron were at last terminated by death. After his death a will was found, by which he bequeathed to his wife his life insurance policies, and acquainted her with the fact of the lose of his entire fortune. No other course was open for the baroness except to prefer her claims for the half million due on the policies through her solicitor. The solicitor, however, immediately ran against difficulties. It was thought incredible that a man who had been examined only ten months before by five physicians, and pronounced in good health, could have died of the disease mentioned. The five companies came to the conclusion that a plan of slow suicide had been deliberately adopted, and they all refused payment of the amounts demanded.

The companies interested went further, and undertook to penetrate the mystery of the daily absences of the baron, of which they had previously got wind. After long and extensive researches, they finally ascertained that early in January the baron had hired a small apartment in a thirty, narrow street, in a remote quarter of the city, and twice each day remained in it for a considerable time. The neighbors never saw him hold any intercourse with any one. The rent of the apartment had been paid up to the end of December, and after the baron's death it had been locked up. To clear up the hidden mystery within that room, it was necessary to invoke the arm of the law. Upon proper evidence a warrant was issued, the fatal door was opened by a locksmith, and, in breathless anxiety, the room was entered. A comfortable sofa, a table, two chairs and two chests constituted the entire furniture. Great was the amazement when the two chests were opened. The first contained a well-worn dressing-gown, a pair of loose Turkish trowsers, a fez, and about ten or twelve long tobacco pipes. The second chest was divided into square compartments, and there were left in it about two hundred foreign cigars, of the government brand, costing two kreutzers each, and about half a pound of what is known in the trade as common smoking tobacco. From the wrappers found in the lower compartments, it appeared that the baron had smoked up about three thousand five hundred of these two-kreutzer cigars, and about a hundredweight of the common trade tobacco.

At the request of the representatives of the insurance companies, a proper record was made of the facts discovered; and thereupon the companies, under the circumstances, justified their refusal to pay the amount insured by referring to the provision in the policies by virtue of which the contract was to become null and void in the event of suicide. The counsel for the baroness urged, in reply, that smoking ten or fifteen two-kreutzer cigars a day could hardly be denominated an attempt at suicide.—Chemical and medical investigations were instituted by both parties, and the managers of the royal tobacco factory were called upon for an opinion. The cause of his death is believed to have been due to nicotine, taken into his system in poisonous quantities through the process of smoking.

Words of Wisdom.

Most people judge men only by success or fortune.

We are never so happy or unhappy as we suppose.

Modesty in your discourse will give a luster to truth, and an excuse to your error.

Everybody seems to think himself a moral half-bushel to measure the world's frailties.

Society is a masked ball where every one hides his real character and reveals it by hiding.

Minds of only moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything that is beyond their range.

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

Great souls attract sorrows as mountains do storms. But the thunder-clouds break upon them, and they thus form a shelter for the plains around.

"See how I tread on the pride of Plato," said Diogenes, as he entered the richly-carpeted room of that philosopher. "But with greater pride," was the searching reply.

How idle the boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! The idol of today pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.

A man wants to see the person against whom he has the greatest reason to guard himself. Let him take a glance at the mirror, and he will have a very fair likeness of the individual he is looking for.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

The steamer Adelphi, which runs between South Norwalk, Conn., and New York city, exploded her boiler while near Gregory's Point. The force of the explosion shook the steamer from bow to stern, and tore away a large section of the boiler. A space of about fifty feet long by twenty-five feet wide was ripped out of the port side of the boat, and the saloon deck above the boiler was hurled overboard, carrying along such of the passengers as were occupying the seats and sofas. Immediately after the explosion the air was filled with flying fragments of wood, followed by a hissing cloud of escaping steam, and then the screams of affrighted passengers upon whom the disaster came with appalling suddenness. The people on board ran hither and thither in their fright, some of the women making a frantic rush for the windows, while many put on life-preservers, in anticipation of a struggle for life in the water. One passenger gives his experience as follows: "The first thing I knew of any thing had occurred was a hissing noise, as though the steam was escaping somewhere. There was at the moment no concussion or report, such as usually follows the bursting of a boiler. Before I had time to speculate, timbers were flying in every direction. A huge piece of timber flew past me and cut off the skirt of my coat as clean as the tailor could have done it. I was so excited that I did not notice it until I got ashore. The timbers all appeared to come from the starboard side of the boat, and some bodies went rushing through the air with them, landing in the water at distances of from twenty to fifty feet. An instant after the boat forged ahead, and all the victims were left struggling in the water. On board it was like a madhouse. The women screaming and fainting, the men rushing to and fro, stamping upon each other, trying pell-mell to get somewhere. Some shouted, 'Nobody knew what he did or any reason why he was doing it, and I was just as insane as the rest. It would have been absurd if it had not been so terrible. How long it was before the boat was pulled up at Gregory's Point or what anybody did in the meantime I cannot say. The captain was tolerably cool, and somehow his orders were obeyed. A considerable part of the main deck was gone and there was a big hole in the port side. After getting ashore the people began to recover their wits and to inquire who was hurt, lost, killed and missing. I saw several bodies brought ashore before I left, and there must be not less than fifty persons wounded." Twelve persons were killed and twenty-one injured, several fatally.

As a funeral procession was crossing Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, a locomotive came thundering along and ran into one of the carriages. Courtney and Edward Hanlan, American and Canadian champions respectively, and resulted in a victory for Hanlan. The race was for $2,500 and a purse of $6,000 contributed by the citizens of Montreal. Hanlan defeated his competitor by a length and a quarter, rowing the five miles in thirty-six minutes and twenty-two seconds.

The Yellow Fever Scourge.

Up to the twenty-seventh, the deaths from yellow fever in the infected districts were as follows:

New Orleans	2,825	Hernando, Miss.	8
Baton Rouge, La.	58	Bay St. Louis	22
Pascagoula, La.	65	Biloxi, Miss.	5
Pattersonville, La.	33	Ocean Springs, M.	20
Morgan City, La.	30	Perry, Miss.	12
Labadieville, La.	30	Refuge, Miss.	15
Port Eads, La.	12	Greenville, Miss.	300
Delhi, La.	23	Lake, Miss.	48
Terre Bonne, La.	20	Hickman, Ky.	95
Memphis	2,648	Louisville, Ky.	36
Chattanooga, T.	31	Gallipolis, Ohio.	18
Brownsville, Tenn.	6	Cincinnati, Ohio.	13
Grand Junction, T.	5	St. Louis, Mo.	10
Grenada, Miss.	274	Cairo, Ill.	6
Holly Springs, Miss.	153	Mobile	7
Vicksburg, Miss.	709	Key West	5
Canton, Miss.	99		
Port Gibson, Miss.	114	Total	7,925

A New Orleans dispatch of the thirtieth gives an account of a fever outbreak and panic on a train as follows: "The train which arrived from Biloxi last night was crowded with refugees from the watering places on the way. When it got to Bigolets the discovery was made that the fever had broken out on the train, and before New Orleans was reached there were 103 cases on the train. The speed was slackened from Bigolets to this point, so that instead of arriving at 9:30, as due, it did not get in until near midnight. The scene beggared description; men, women and children being stretched out upon seats, some in delirium and others in an agony of fear." Trains on the Mobile road came in crowded with families from the lake shore watering places, the fever having broken out all along the line.

The Howard Association of Vicksburg, in an appeal issued on the first, says: The fever is spreading with fearful rapidity throughout the country on farms. From the best information it is safe to say there are 800 cases in the county outside of the city. A large percentage of these are bad cases, and many deaths have occurred, though the disease was unknown outside of the city ten days ago. Yesterday, six deaths occurred at Bovina, a village of not more than seven-five inhabitants. The fever broke out at Magnolia Hall, four miles from this city, where large numbers of people had taken refuge. Persons sojourning fled in dismay when the disease was pronounced yellow fever. They took refuge in the lower end of the county, being prevented by a strict quarantine from crossing Big Black river into the adjacent counties. The information to-day is that the fever has not broken out there. Large numbers of refugees are returning to the city, coming here with the courage of despair, feeling they can get doctors, nurses and attention here which they cannot get in the country. The disease seems ready to have run its course in our city, chiefly for want of material, but the situation in the country is worse every hour. The cotton remains unpicked in the fields. As an instance of this may be mentioned the fact that Joseph B. Ferguson, a large farmer three miles from this city, usually pressing 200 bales of cotton, says there are seventy-five cases of fever on his and the adjoining plantations, and he has not more than 1,000 pounds of cotton picked. In Vicksburg nothing for themselves, till the lenders to foster-mothers would themselves sink fainting at the gates. These were often of no kin; sometimes even of a different caste or religion. A little kindness "makes the whole world kin," Hundreds of fathers and mothers, going to other parts of the country to get work and food, left children to die in their villages. Little ones who had no foster-mothers wandered about to get a dole of food from any one who would give, then lie down and die with—pass me the word—the heroic agony of childish patience. For example, one missionary from Cuddapah met in one day's journey over 100 who had no one in this world to care for them. He stopped and helped the oldest, telling them to look after the little ones; but he believed that all, or nearly all, died. This led to himself and his wife opening a "Temporary Home," one only out of many such instances, of course, for children under twelve years. No temptation to idleness was held out, and in five weeks many were restored so as to be sent out to work. One orphan boy, nine years old, told as soon as he could speak that he knew of other famine orphans—might he bring them? And he instantly sallied out and brought in first two little Mohammedan boys under six, then carried in from a great distance, in his skeleton arms, a little girl too far gone to stand or sit up, and who, appar